

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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PLEASE DO NOT LITTER THE STREETS

BRAVE JANE DUFF AN ADVENTURE LONG AGO

Story of Australia's Lost Babes
in the Wood

FOUND BY A BLACKFELLOW

When this was written on the other side of the world, an old lady of 72 was passing away at her home in Horsham, Victoria. She was Mrs G. Turnbull, and 65 years ago was the heroine of an adventure told all over Australia.

She was the daughter of a shepherd named Duff in the Wimmera district. One day she and her brother Isaac, aged nine, and a younger brother Frank not four years old, went into the bush to gather brushwood for brooms.

The three children found wild flowers growing among the trees, and they wandered on, gathering the flowers as they went. When they thought it was time to return home they found they were hopelessly lost. At this time the scrub was very dense, and they walked wearily, hoping to find a path.

Lost For Nine Days

Days and nights passed, and still they wandered, sick with terror and with only wild berries for food and the dew for water. They made themselves a bed of brushwood at night and covered themselves with leaves for warmth.

When the baby began to get weak from exposure brave little Jane Duff stripped off her own clothes to keep him warm; and she and her brother Isaac took it in turns to carry him.

They were lost for nine days, and a frantic search was being made for them. In the end they were discovered by blackfellows, led by King Richard, one of the most famous black-trackers of that time. The white searchers had been able to find no trace of the children, but the blacks picked up their trail.

During all this time Jane heartened her brothers by her courage and her calmness; but when the blackfellows appeared even she was frightened, and the three poor children threw themselves on the ground, hysterical with weariness and terror.

Back to Their Parents

"My face is black but my heart is white," declared King Richard in an attempt to put them at their ease; and he and his fellows carried them tenderly back to their parents.

It took months of careful nursing to restore the children to health. Frank never entirely recovered, and has since died. Jane and Isaac lived on; but Isaac's health was affected.

Jane married and was left a widow, and, when it was discovered a few years ago that she was in needy circumstances an appeal was made for comforts for her. A threepenny appeal was taken up among the State schoolchildren; but the depression and bad times suspended it.

The Stork Family At Home



This delightful picture of a stork family at home on a roof was judged to be the best photograph in the Animals, Pets, and Birds class in the Kodak International Competition. It was taken by Max Seidel of Breslau in Germany. At this time of the year the storks are returning to Europe from Africa.

CONQUERING HARD TIMES

THE idea of the Paris artists is spreading; an exhibition of painting and statuary has been opened in Budapest, where works were offered for sale not for money, but for things.

By a landscape showing a purling brook there would be the word Bath; this was not the title of the picture but its price. Other prices were Stove, Kitchen Equipment, and Persian Lamb Jacket. We have seen any number of pictures and statues which sorely needed a Persian lamb jacket, and we should love to put one over some of Mr Epstein's statues; but it must be very extraordinary to see a statue offered for a jacket.

This return to barter is a common feature of economic crises. Some years

ago, when Poland was going through an extremely bad time and money could not be had, a woman who had been rich, and who was absolutely obliged to travel, took her pig to the station; it was all she had left to pay for her ticket.

Pigs and baths and kitchen equipment are a clumsy form of coin to carry about, but their use in a time of money shortage shows an adaptability to circumstance and an amount of ingenuity and pluck which encourage us considerably as we think about the human race. If trade is baulked on the highway it goes by the byway. It is more of a bother, certainly; but the important thing for us to remember is that it goes.

WORK FOR EVERYONE LET IT BE DONE

How a Poor Neighbourhood
Put Itself Straight

NO EXCUSE FOR IDLE HANDS

The idea of finding work for everyone grows everywhere. This is how it is being followed in a neighbourhood of New York City.

The Kips Bay Neighbourhood Association in New York City decided to make capital of the fact that a number of its most intelligent members were among the unemployed.

Why should secretaries, writers, and others sit idly in their rooms when their brains and tact and common sense could be put to work for the neighbourhood? There was no sense in it.

A Fairy Godmother

So the K.B.N.A. made a plan, and because it was such a good plan it found a fairy godmother willing to wave her wand. Mrs August Belmont and her friends provided the money to pay small salaries to the twenty women who carried the work through.

The plan was to use the period of the Depression to make the neighbourhood better instead of allowing it to run downhill as places usually do when things do not go well.

According to the plan the women were to call on their neighbours to find out their views of what could be done to make the flat tidier and more habitable; and what about those shops that were a disgrace to the neighbourhood? They learned, first, what the laws were about the lighting and heating and cleaning, and plumbing of flats, and the exposure of food for sale, the employing of children for deliveries, and so on, and they made up certificates to leave with the shops which were living up to the spirit of the rules.

Naturally the shopkeepers all wanted to have one, and when they found out that a simple thing like putting a lid on their dustbin would earn them a certificate they were eager to make the improvement.

Better For Everyone

In one house it might be a mouse-trap that was needed; in another a clearer understanding as to whose turn it was to sweep the halls while the porter was ill. There were thousands of small adjustments which made things better for everyone.

The district covered was eight streets wide by ten streets long, and the twenty women called on over 39,000 families and 6000 shops. They reported improved conditions in all the shops and in 3595 tenement houses as a result of this effort.

The Kips Bay Neighbourhood Association won the silver cup for New York State awarded by the National Clean-Up Committee.

THE SHEPHERDS ON THEIR HORSES

HOW THEY RODE TO CIVILISATION

Wild Barbarians Who Burst Suddenly Out of Asia

EGYPT'S FIRST CONQUERORS

After the dog had become man's first friend man adopted the horse as his next ally. According to Sir Flinders Petrie excavations in Palestine show that he made very ill use of it.

The wild horse was a native of Asia. The vast populations of sheep-rearing tribes tamed the horse, and when drought dried the grassy steppes and threatened them with famine they came ever farther westward, first in search of food and then for plunder.

A Sleepy Population

They came, not as peaceful shepherds, but as hordes of barbarians on horses, and arrived at last in sight of the Mediterranean Sea where it washes the coast of Palestine at Gaza and some distance farther north.

Here they found the advanced civilisation of Egypt, which had pushed from the Delta and the Nile across the Sinai desert into Palestine. The Egyptian settlers were peaceful and luxurious. They dwelled apparently happy and secure, with the power of the early Pharaohs behind them.

Suddenly out of darkest Asia the wild barbarians on their small sturdy horses appeared like a thundercloud. A slow-going, sleepy population of Egyptian colonists in Palestine who had never seen anything speedier than a camel, and normally conducted traffic on the donkey, found itself raided, surrounded, overwhelmed by these fierce nomads.

Like a Wolf on the Fold

The invaders brought nothing with them but their horses, their horse-hair tents, and their flocks behind them. They were fighters as well as shepherds, and thieves above all. They took whatever they wanted. They broke up the colonial government. They shook the settled power of Egypt. One cannot but be reminded of an invasion of Palestine thousands of years later, when

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold, And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

But the Assyrians had a civilisation of their own. These earlier horsemen brought nothing but their greed. The Egyptians they enslaved in Palestine called their leaders the Shepherd Kings.

Where they alighted there they settled like a swarm of locusts. From Palestine they invaded the Delta and, ever thrusting farther, they established a rule lasting for centuries, during which the Shepherd Kings became virtually masters of Egypt. In the long history of Egypt the rule and dynasties of the Shepherd Kings have always been recognised, if never fully explained.

The First Yellow Peril

The excavations Sir Flinders Petrie has been conducting near Gaza enable us better to understand the nature of this first Yellow Peril. The invaders raised the horse almost to the level of a god.

They sacrificed a horse when raising a palace or a fort; they buried it with their important dead. All this the excavations near Gaza reveal to us, all these thousands of years after nearly every record of the Shepherd Kings had been lost.

Lost they were, because Egypt so hated the invaders that when at last the Egyptians recovered their power, while the Shepherd People waxed fat and feeble, Egypt set itself to remove every trace of its conquerors.

NILS HOLGERSON STORY OF A FARMER'S BOY

A Real Chapter For a Swedish Fairy Tale

LUCKY LITTLE FELLOW

More than once an author has invented a character and then discovered that there is a real man of the name.

Usually it means angry letters, sometimes a libel action, and at times even the withdrawal of the book.

But just for once it has led to a most delightful result.

Selma Lagerlof, the great woman novelist of Sweden, once wrote a fairy tale which told how a poor farmer's little son, Nils Holgerson, was taken for a ride by a goose, who showed him what Sweden looked like from the air, and taught him all about his native land.

One day Selma Lagerlof discovered that there really was a poor farmer with a little boy of six called Nils Holgerson. But, far from being angry, Nils was delighted to find that he had been "put in a book."

Peter Pan of Sweden

Selma Lagerlof became his fairy godmother. She paid for his education, and helped him to start life in America. There he did well; but the hard times which have hit the rest of the country have hit him too, so the fairy godmother has come to the rescue. She has sent enough money to bring home Nils's wife and their little son, and give them a holiday in Sweden, while father remains to look after his affairs.

Nils Holgerson is as famous in Swedish family circles as Alice or Christopher Robin or Peter Pan are in English homes, so a Swedish paper prints the news of his little boy's coming to Sweden, sure of interesting many readers. We do not know the name of his son, but we are pretty sure that it is Nils Holgerson.

BACKWARDS ROUND THE WORLD

And Through Life With the Eyes Shut

The other day a Berlin crowd was astonished by a man who came walking down the famous Unter den Linden facing the way he was *not* going.

At first they thought he had turned to stare after someone, but no; he tramped grimly on, and then they saw that he had very queer spectacles with little mirrors at the side, fashioned just like a motor-car mirror to show what was behind him and prevent him from walking into people.

Some thought him mad, and crossed the road, but others questioned him and found that he came from Texas, and had taken a vow to walk round the world backwards.

Everybody will cry "How silly!" But is it not sillier still to walk about the world with your eyes shut?

Yet thousands of people do it. We know them by their phrases:

It's a selfish world.

Life is so dull.

I'm bored stiff.

Primroses? I didn't see them.

THE LEAGUE'S OWN WIRELESS

The League of Nations knows few leisure moments. So heavy is the work that important events happen in the most casual manner, day and night.

Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League, spoke to America for ten minutes at midnight on February 16. That would have been a very ordinary proceeding, except that it marked the opening of the League of Nations Wireless Station, intended for use in sudden times of crisis.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE FULLSTOP

PRINTER'S TYRANT FALLS FROM POWER

The Old-Fashioned Papers Bring Themselves Up To Date

LORD BEAVERBROOK BOWS DOWN

The little C.N. campaign to get rid of the Fullstop absurdity in London's newspapers has been a complete success.

The last of the old-fashioned papers has dropped them and the Daily Express has come into line.

When the C.N. appeared every London newspaper accepted the tyranny of the Fullstop. Everywhere since printing began this black spot has been staring the world in the face in all sorts of unnecessary places. It has its place in punctuation, of course; but for centuries it was the printer's habit to put it wherever he could find room for it.

The C.N. as Pioneer

It was the C.N. which broke this habit; the C.N. was the first newspaper in this country to order the fullstop out of its headings. Every London morning paper has now followed its example.

The Daily Herald, born ten days after the C.N., started without the fullstop; the Morning Post dropped it on May 5, 1925; The Times followed on August 12, 1929; and the Daily Telegraph (now the finest representative of solid journalism in Fleet Street) dropped its fullstops on February 14, 1930.

Our Confidence Justified

There then remained three London dailies parading the fullstop all over their pages, and on February 7, 1931, the C.N. called attention to the matter and expressed its confidence that the fullstop would soon disappear from these three papers. The News-Chronicle dropped them immediately, and the only two fullstoppers then remaining were the Daily Mail and the Daily Express. Both papers would frequently print fullstops nearly half an inch round, and for six months they remained the two exponents of old-fashioned printing habits among the London dailies. It was six months before the Daily Mail grew tired of looking so old-fashioned, and it dropped its fullstops last September.

Lord Beaverbrook now stood alone as the champion of the old-fashioned manner in Fleet Street, but he, too, has now bowed down. He has celebrated the approaching completion of his new office by modernising his paper, and just one year after the C.N. first called attention to it the Express dropped its fullstops, all the big ones and the little ones. The big fullstops the Mail and the Express used to print every morning would have reached from Charing Cross to Fleet Street if printed in a line, and it seemed a terrible waste of ink in these hard-up days. Now that it is all over we may congratulate the London dailies on looking cleaner and neater as well as on saving a good deal of wasted ink.

Two Remaining Oddities

The only old-fashioned thing now remaining in journalism appears to be the front page of the Daily Mail, which still hides its news inside. The appearance of the news on the front page of the Mail is, of course, only a question of time, for everybody knows that the public has the habit of picking up the paper with the news on the front, and a successful paper like the Daily Mail must at last respond to this demand.

Two oddities still remain in the story of the disappearance of the fullstop. The Morning Post, which led the way among the great London dailies, and the Spectator, which dropped the fullstops long ago, both keep one fullstop in the most absurd place of all—after their title. There are few more curious examples of the obstinacy of an old habit.

OUR TARIFF WALL PROTECTION BEGINS AT LAST

Closing the Wonderful Chapter of Our Free Trade History

FREE LIST TO KEEP DOWN PRICES

The long period of Free Trade, under which this country rose to be the envy of the world, rich enough to bear the financial burden of the war and to stand four-square to all the winds that blow, has ended with the placing of the Import Duties Bill on the Statute Book.

The free list of the original Bill published in a recent C.N. was altered in the Commons. Members for industrial towns were urged by their constituents to press for the addition to the free list of goods which are raw materials for their trades, though counted as manufactured articles by those who export them to this country. Accordingly the nation smiled when Sir Austen Chamberlain persuaded his brother to add pearls and semi-precious stones to the free list to help the jewellers of Birmingham. The Chancellor agreed because they could so easily be smuggled!

Additions to the Free List

Maize has been added, chiefly because the farmers of Northern Ireland feared the competition of the Free State, which does not tax maize. Other additions were:

All metallic ores, raw copper, coal and coke, potash, animal and human hair, platinum, scientific films, cinchona, ramie, esparto grass, cork, flint for pottery, soya beans, whale oil extracted on British ships, and all objects made over 100 years ago.

The Chancellor added platinum because, he said, the duty would mean a very considerable increase to the cost of an expensive metal.

On the last day of the debate Earl Winterton, a leading Protectionist, wanted to have lead and zinc added to the free list, declaring that otherwise the price would rise and there was a danger of our manufacturers losing contracts. If lead and zinc were taxed the Colonial producers could ask any price they liked, provided it was just a shade less than that of the imported foreign material. A combine, he said, controlled these metals and the price was quite definitely going to increase. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland added that the expected rise of 7 per cent would add 5 per cent to the cost of our articles manufactured from these metals and thus injure our trade in neutral markets.

A New Department

The decision was left for the new Tariff Committee (a new Department with a Chairman whose salary is almost the highest in the kingdom), which will have power to propose additions to as well as removals from the free list.

A week's discussion ended in a final vote of 442 to 62, and so the House of Commons closed the long chapter of the Free Trade policy enjoyed by this nation for 80 years. Experience, the impartial judge, will decide for us whether tariffs add to our general well-being, or whether they are the false friends that some members of the Cabinet and millions of our countrymen still believe they are.

THINGS SAID

Temper is a weapon we hold by the blade. Sir J. M. Barrie

If you have not bias you have not thought very much.

Captain P. P. Eckersley

No man whose smile brings a little good cheer into the world need crave popularity. Mr Bobby Howes

France aspires to a general understanding with that noble country which stands for peace and right, Britain.

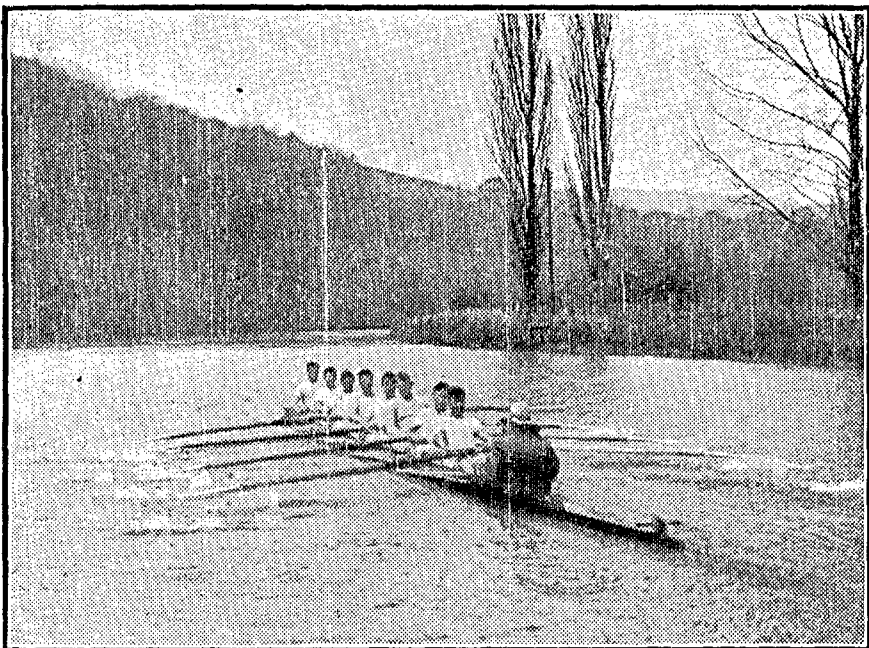
Prime Minister of France

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CAMBRIDGE CREW · DOGS FROM ST BERNARD · DOUBLE PARACHUTE



The Light Blues—Oxford and Cambridge are now in the last stage of their training for the Boat Race, which will be rowed on March 19. Here is the Cambridge crew in action



Dodging the Spray—When rough seas break over the promenade at Scarborough we can enjoy the exciting game of trying not to get wet.



The Safety Chain—These girls are demonstrating an automatic fire-escape of the chain-and-pulley type.



In Milton's Country—The days are growing longer and Nature is waking in England's matchless countryside. This beautiful picture was taken near the Buckinghamshire village of Chalfont St Peter, amid scenes which Milton and William Penn knew.



A Pair of Parachutes—An American airman descending by means of two parachutes joined together.



Off the Mark—A good start means so much in a race that these girl runners are learning how to save fractions of a second at the starting-point.



From the Alps to Devon—The monks of St Bernard have presented some of their famous dogs to Buckfast Abbey, and here two of them are seen with their new masters.

JAPAN DEFENDS HERSELF

HER CASE AGAINST HER NEIGHBOUR

China Not Recognised as an Organised State

LOFTY HUMANITY OF THE LEAGUE

On the day on which the Disarmament Conference settled down to the examination of the various schemes before it there was received in Geneva Japan's reply to the Note of protest addressed to her by the League.

Japan recognises the generosity and lofty humanity of the League, and warmly appreciates the terms in which the League addresses the Japanese nation, "terms which are flattering to the legitimate pride taken by the Japanese people in the record of their country as a devoted friend of peace."

The Japanese Government then goes on to make Eight Points concerning the war with China. It accuses China of being the aggressor. It declares that it would be dangerous if the Japanese withdrew, as the Chinese would then occupy the International Settlement. It asserts the right of Japan to act in self-defence and declares that she knows the facts better than any distant Power possibly can. Japan declares that she is making no attack on the territorial integrity or independence of China, but asserts that it is not possible to regard China as an organised State within the meaning of the League Covenant.

Fictions and Facts

The Japanese reply then goes on:

China has, it is true, been treated in the past by common consent as if the expression connoted an organised people. But fictions cannot last for ever, nor can they be tolerated when they become grave sources of practical danger. The time has inevitably come when realities, rather than fictions, must be reckoned with.

The general desire to see China, happy, prosperous, and united has led the world to treat her as united in a way in which, in sober fact, she was not. Her population is not organised except in patches. If Japan had no interests there it might be possible to go on indefinitely respecting the fiction that the region is occupied by an "organised people."

Japan, however, has enormous interests there. It is impossible any longer to treat chaos in China as if it were order. The Japanese Government do not pretend that it is easy to sort out the implications and consequences of this situation. It is not easy, but it is necessary. We must face the facts: and the fundamental fact is that there is no unified control in China and no authority which is entitled to claim entire control in China.

Japan concludes by repudiating the suggestion that she is favouring and desiring war. Her people yield to none in their detestation of war and its horrors, she says, and if the League can bring about a peaceful attitude on the part of China nowhere would more sincere delight be felt than in Japan.

NEW ZEALAND'S BIG BABY

Another baby hippopotamus has been born at the zoo at Auckland, New Zealand; it was born on New Year's Day. Its proud parents are known to visitors to the zoo as Chaka and Bella.

A year ago another baby hippo was born at the zoo and was named Pondo. He has been growing steadily and having a splendid time in the water of the stream that flows through the finest zoo in New Zealand.

The new hippo is New Zealand's biggest baby, for it was three feet long and weighed 95 pounds.

MR CHUDLEIGH'S CHILDREN

WHO WILL LOOK AFTER THEM?

A Great Maker of Happiness is Called Away

AN EAST END LAMENT

The children of the East End of London have lost one of the best friends they ever had.

He took them from their slums to the seaside, he sent them into the country when they were ill, he gave them breakfast when they were hungry.

Thousands and thousands of children knew Mr Chudleigh; to the world he was the Rev F. W. Chudleigh. The children would crowd about him in the street, thrusting their grubby little hands into his. And he did not deal only with crowds, but also with individuals. There are Chudleigh's boys all over the world who thank God that he took an interest in them.

It is tragic that he has died just when his work was at its height, just when he was most needed.

Determined to Carry On

One child came to a mission worker the morning after Mr Chudleigh's death and asked if there would be any more breakfasts for them now that he had gone. "Yes," he was told. "You just come along as usual."

But still the small lad hung back, and at last stammered out his second reason for coming. "Please, miss, we want to buy a wreath for him, so here's free ha'pence toward one."

Come along as usual, he was told, for the workers in the East End Mission are determined to carry on. This means that a thousand breakfasts must be given every week, 15,000 children taken to the seaside every year, and 600 sent into the country for a fortnight—for that is Mr Chudleigh's record, and it must be kept up, in his name.

He also whisked hundreds of children away from their slums each night into the magic land of the cinema, choosing special films to be shown them in the Stepney Temple, admission a penny each. Another branch of his work was an excellent little paper called The East End Star, in whose offices many of the older boys learned printing. We have often spoken of it.

An Address to Remember

Our readers must often have seen Mr Chudleigh's appeals in the C.N. Many, we know, sent what they could at the time; many, we hope, will send a little bit more when they can, if it is only something like the three-halfpence the small boy offered in memory of his best friend.

It is an address to remember: The East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E. 1.

You need not send a wreath, for it is late and he would not have wished it. But you may send a trifle instead of flowers, and they who carry on will see that it brings for some poor struggler the happiness Mr Chudleigh spent his life in bringing out of sixpences and pounds.

JAMES JACK

But for Mr James Jack the famous vine at Hampton Court might have been lost years ago.

When he went as vine-dresser to Hampton Court in 1883 it was feared that the vine was beyond saving, but Mr Jack noticed a tiny shoot on the main stem near the ground.

He trained it and cared for it, and now it is doing well and helping to keep alive the main stem, which is believed to be 160 years old.

But James Jack will never see it put forth its leaves again. He died the other day at Hampton-on-Thames, aged 91.

QUEEN ANNE IS DEAD

But Something Remains of Her Time

ENGLISH HISTORY IN PARK LANE

Queen Anne is dead, but her gold watch still marks the hours, and when a spring is pressed it will tinkle out the time of day in a tiny chime.

It is one of the things lent by Queen Mary to the Exhibition of the Age of Walnut which is being held in Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane for the benefit of the Royal Northern Hospital.

Many beautiful and rare pieces of workmanship in furniture and silver, needlework and jewellery, paintings and carvings are shown here, made by English hands in the days of William and Mary and Queen Anne, or just before. But the most interesting things are those which were associated with the great names of those days.

What Was Said at the Council

Here, for example, is a book with notes written in his own hand by George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, of what was said at the Council which decided that it had no further use for James the Second, but would call in William of Orange from Holland.

Here is the magnificent rose-water dish and ewer which Pepys presented to the Goldsmiths Company when he was Secretary to the Admiralty. Here are three drop pearls which belonged to the beautiful and gifted Elizabeth of Bohemia, who married a king who lived only a very short time after and so was called the Winter King. She left the pearls to Prince Rupert, and they came to the Duchess of Marlborough. They have seen a great deal of history.

Nell Gwynne's necklace shines among many famous jewels, and there are other prizes which recall people and events that otherwise might have passed out of recollection.

Our First Pineapple

For example, there is the picture of Mr Rose, the royal gardener, presenting to Charles the Second the first pineapple grown in England; and in a corner a very elegant walnut writing-desk records on its flap in a pearwood inlay that it was made from "A tree eight yards about and fifty high, 100 pounds value, when blown down by ye great winde of 1703 in Stratton Park."

John Evelyn in his diary mentions that great storm as not to be paralleled by anything happening in our age.

Lastly, we may turn to the sampler one of the industrious little girls of those days sewed. She lived to be an old lady, and her skilled needle tells us that she was Anna Burkett. She finished the sampler on July 12, 1656, in the time of the Great Protector.

THIS AGE OF SPEED

254 Miles an Hour in a Motor-Car

Are we near the limit of speed on land?

In five years the motor speed record has been raised from less than 204 miles an hour to about 254, the average speed of Sir Malcolm Campbell in two runs over a measured mile at Daytona Beach the other day.

Speed, more speed, seems to be the cry of our age. The splendid photograph supplement to be given with next week's C.N. will deal with the subject of Speed and Movement. The pictures will show many forms of action in which men, animals, and machines are concerned.

Please show to your friends this week's supplement of The Motherland From the Air, and tell them that the only way to make sure of obtaining these remarkable sets of pictures is to ask for the C.N. to be delivered by a newsagent.

COURAGE, ALL

WHY NOT TRY IT FOR A MONTH?

A Business Man's Appeal to the British People

GIVE UP BEING AFRAID

A well-known business man, Mr J. Gibson Jarvie, has said something well worth saying in a letter to The Times. We quote some of it below.

From an industrial point of view Great Britain today can be compared to a gigantic machine the momentum of which has been completely lost. But the machine is ready to function if all will do their part. The stage is set for them.

If the British people will only do something in March it might easily and emphatically mark the end of the depression and the arrival of prosperity. Individual and concerted effort is all that is necessary. For example: there is a vast amount of work waiting to be done in the country. Spring is approaching, when land and buildings need attention. Fencing, drainage, painting, and all the ravages of winter and past neglect are waiting to be put right. There are gardens to be dug and planted; estates, farms, and small properties to be cleaned.

False Economy

The prospect of better business through tariffs demands that manufacturers and merchants shall put themselves into a position to produce and take advantage of the opportunities offered. New plant and equipment will be needed. In the heavy industries inefficient and obsolete plant must be scrapped. Collieries and works should be brought up to date.

There are thousands of people who, because of bad times, have postponed jobs which should have been carried through; tens of thousands who have indulged in false and unnecessary economy and have postponed purchases or the improvement of land or property, which could have been made without any financial inconvenience; hundreds of thousands who in their private lives and in their businesses, in their factories and their shops, could today employ more men.

A Part For Everyone

All that is needed is a little courage, some belief in the future, and—the most important of all—the determination on the part of each individual to do his or her part without expecting the Government to be the universal saviour.

Let us plan to start a drive from March 1, and let it continue for at least that month. Let us remember that every new individual employed means a reduction in national expenditure, and, in consequence, in taxation. It means greater production and smaller production cost. In a word, it will mean the recovery of momentum in the vast machine of which we all form a part, and the restoration and rebirth of our national moral.

A MASTER'S WORK

For a long time an old picture has hung in the parish church of Karshorst, now a suburb of Berlin.

It shows Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, and has doubtless helped many a man and woman through hours of fiery trial. Simple folk for generations said:

"It's a beautiful picture."

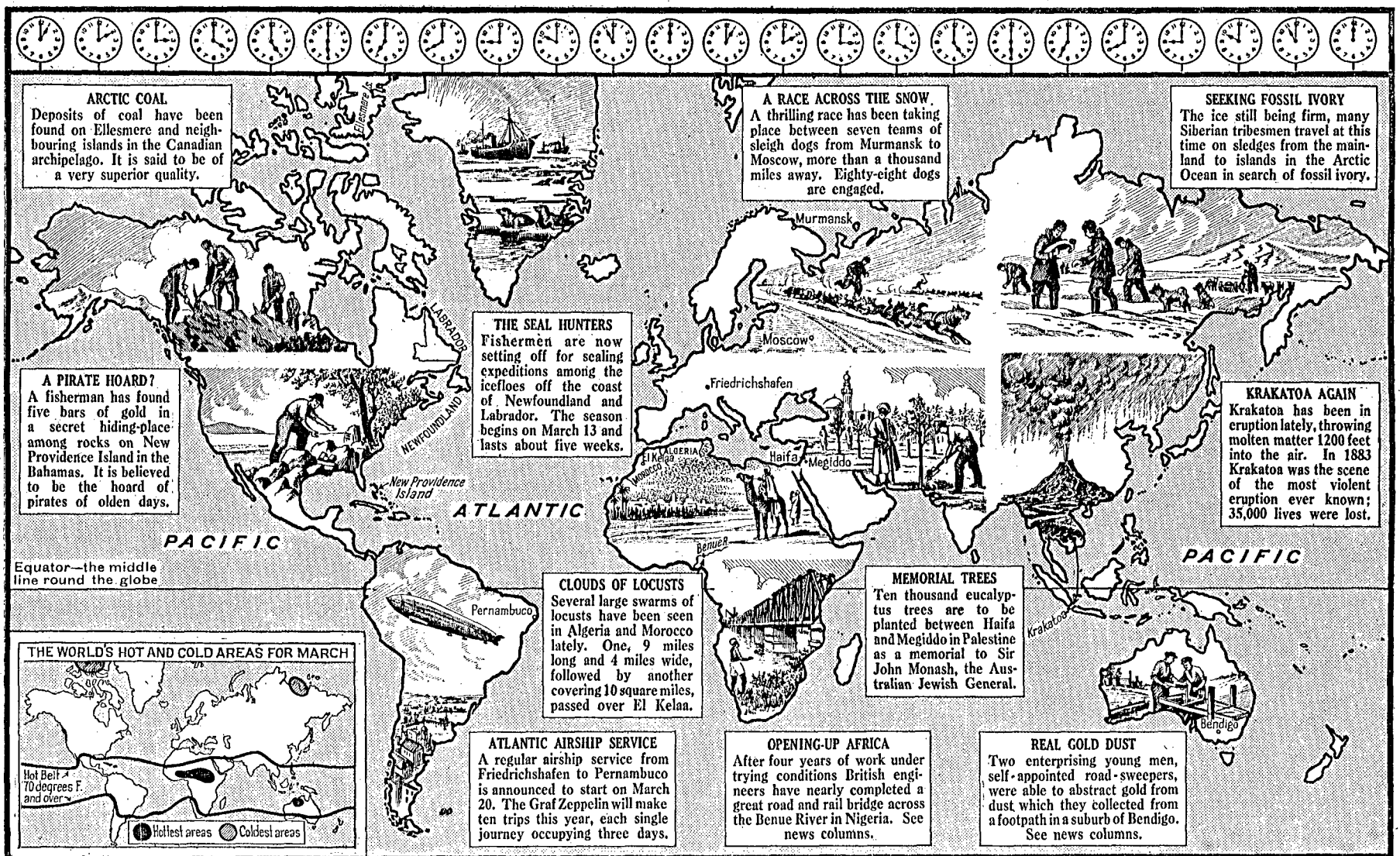
And now Geheimrat Max Friedländer, Director of the State Museums, has come along to say that they are right. He says it is a masterpiece 400 years old, and restoration has now revealed the signature of Lucas Cranach, one of the great artists of the 15th century and a friend of Luther.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THREE BURDENS OF THE WORLD

Debts, Taxes, and Tariffs

A NOTABLE MANIFESTO

A large number of public men, including the Archbishop of York, Lord Cowdray, Sir William Beveridge, Sir George Paish, Mr H. G. Wells, and the Dean and Bishop of Manchester, have signed this manifesto on the present situation of the world.

It is no secret that thoughtful men in every country are alarmed at the economic condition of the world. With no lack of natural products or manufactured goods everywhere, the whole world is threatened with bankruptcy. No one would deny that the circulation of goods is the life-blood of national and international commerce. We, therefore, affirm that the only way to renewed prosperity is the removal of all hindrances to the free flow of goods and commodities and to the unhampered intercourse between nations. This in our opinion involves:

The cancellation of war indemnities and reparations.

The lightening of the crushing burden of taxation due to excessive armaments.

The lowering or removal of tariff barriers.

Inasmuch as the wheels of industry are obviously slowing down, and a total stop of the entire machinery of commerce, with the result of incalculable material and moral disaster to millions, is something more than possible in the near future, we urge that these matters be brought immediately before an international conference.

We make this appeal on moral and economic grounds, convinced that until the nations realise their essential unity no solution of our present problems is possible.

TOM ROGERS EXPLAINS

Perfect Teeth At 75

Once again a medical report on the people of Tristan da Cunha proves them to be infinitely our superiors in health.

Of 156 islanders no fewer than 132 had absolutely perfect teeth. One man with not a speck of decay in his mouth, and sound in wind and limb, was 75.

Why should it be?

Tom Rogers gives the answer. He is a middle-aged islander. In 1930 he left Tristan for the mainland, but after a year asked to be taken back to the lonely island, saying:

"In the town it's noise and rush and heavy clothes and many meals, and one can't live long like that."

A Tristan fisherman will have a meal at four in the morning, work all day, and eat again at nightfall. His staple diet is milk and potatoes.

We fear that some greedy folk would rather have European meals four times a day, and go to the dentist to be patched up four times a year.

A JUBILEE OF FROZEN MEAT

The meat trade between New Zealand and England has reached its jubilee.

It was in February 1882 that the first consignment of frozen meat left Port Chalmers for London, conveyed by the sailing ship Dunedin; it consisted of 4909 carcasses of lamb and mutton. The vessel reached London in May.

This trial voyage greatly pleased the New Zealand Government, which granted a bonus of £500 to the company.

In March 1890 the Dunedin again left New Zealand with a cargo of meat and wool. This unhappily proved to be her final voyage. She was last heard of before reaching Cape Horn, but since then her whereabouts have remained a mystery.

The refrigerated meat trade between the two countries has grown enormously, the number of carcasses imported into this country from that time being more than ten millions.

HE WOULD NOT PROFITEER

A Story Told Again

Mr Oliver Baldwin has just published his life-story, and he has told a story which has already been told in the C.N., but it will bear retelling.

Perhaps the most delightful thing in his book is this story about his father.

Before the war a man whose money was invested in steel and iron was making a profit from harmless things like railway lines and penknives. But after 1914 steel and iron were used for war material. Mr Baldwin felt that the increased profits of his investments were simply blood money.

He made a calculation, and decided to give to the State every penny that he received in excess of what he was receiving "before the slaughter began." The sum came to £125,000.

He asked his wife's consent, and she agreed.

The result of this gift brought their income lower than it had ever been since 1908, and meant the renunciation of many a cherished dream.

VICTOR DUMAS IN HIS LITTLE BOAT

Somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, hundreds of miles from the coast of North Africa, two ships met. One was an Italian steamship, the other a small one-masted boat.

A solitary figure waved to those on board the steamship. "Any news?" he called.

"Who are you?" they shouted back.

"Victor Dumas of Argentina. Making for Europe."

They told him the news—of China and Japan, and the latest about trade and unemployment in the uneasy Europe to which he was sailing.

But nothing will stop a man like that. He had crossed the Atlantic alone, and when last seen he was still "making for Europe."

ONE MORE GOOD THING

The Benue Bridge and What It Means

'A BLESSING FOR THE MUNSHI TRIBE

Nearly 300 miles inland from Port Harcourt, on the eastern division of the Nigerian Railway, a huge river bridge is nearing completion. It was begun in 1928, and is to be opened in June.

The Benue River is the terror of Nigeria. Its swirling waters are infested with crocodiles. It rushes on its way to join the Niger, dealing hideous death to the Munshi tribe, who must use their frail canoes to cross it. Even the ferry steamboat has to fight ever-shifting sandbanks, and could not negotiate the dangerous passage much longer.

The new Benue Bridge will solve all problems. It has cost a million, and comprises 13 steel spans, with a length of 2584 feet. It is 25 feet wide, and carries a single 3 feet 6 inches railway track. Its 12 concrete block piers are built on steel caissons, themselves filled with concrete and sunk to a great depth in the river-bed. This part of the work was extremely difficult.

For over four years British engineers and constructors have fought fever, poison, mosquitoes and flies, annual floods, and a temperature of 100 in the shade. They acknowledge a great debt to the Munshi people, a primitive race more fitted for war than for heavy labour; yet turning themselves to the work of riveting, crane-driving, earth-carrying, and excavating, with no desire for rest or holidays.

As they could see the bridge growing they have worked at ever-growing speed, and their enthusiasm has run the whole course. The reward will be theirs for ever.

See World Map

An electric watch has been made in Geneva which needs no winding, only the recharging of its tiny accumulator once a year.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 12

1932

Keep Your Word

Nearly thirteen years ago the Allies disarmed Germany and pledged themselves to disarm. The world still waits for them to keep their word.

In this dark hour for mankind, with War raging in the East as we write and Peace in the balance at Geneva, we reprint the following from the forerunner of the C.N. in the dark hours of 1914.

EUROPE is in the Valley of the Shadow of Death because the German Emperor broke his word.

Life is not worth living if men break their word. If we cannot believe a man we can have no dealings with him, either buying or selling.

We buy a thing in a shop believing it to be what it is said to be; we take the shop man's word, and if he speaks the truth we buy from him again.

If he sells us brass and tells us it is gold, we buy from him no more, and his trade is ruined. Men cannot prosper on a broken word.

We could have no home to live in if men did not keep their word. We trust our neighbours. They declare themselves friendly, and we believe them. We live side by side with hundreds of people who could rob us or poison us, but they live at peace with us instead; they have given their word, and we believe them. We go to bed at night, we leave our homes by day, because we believe that men will keep their word.

We could not travel if men did not keep their word. We go into a strange country and trust our lives and our money to people we have never seen before, perhaps to people whose language we do not understand; but here, also, runs the honourable understanding of men who keep their word. A strange man takes our bag, another takes our money, another carries an important letter. We go on our way because we trust them all. We take their word.

There is neither work nor wages for us if we break our word. We work for a week or a month on a promise that our wages will be paid. Men give us their labour, and we give them ours, because we pledge our word. We put our money into the bank, we leave our watch at the watchmaker's, we trust a man with an important piece of information, we risk our very lives on the promise of a word.

A nation trusts its people, keeping police for those who break their word. And a nation trusts other nations, binding itself to do certain things so that there may be order and good government and understanding in the world.

We must be free, or die; and we, who speak the tongue which Shakespeare spake, must keep our word.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Three People to Laugh At

THE world will have a good laugh at the three people who have offered to put themselves between the fighting forces at Shanghai.

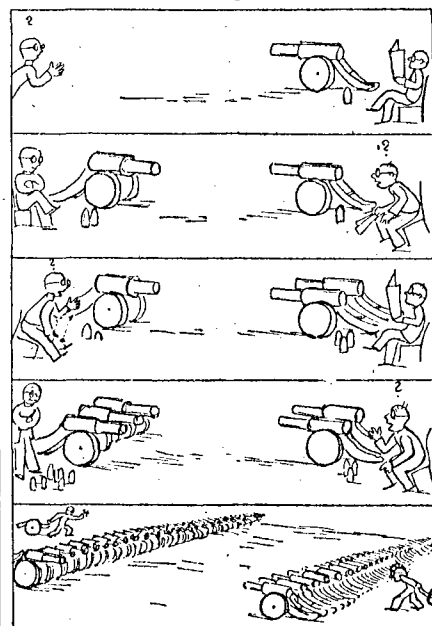
Miss Maude Royden, the Rev Dick Sheppard, and Dr A. H. Gray, feeling that the time had come for the people to stop war by any means whatever, offered to stand unarmed between the combatants.

Of course everybody will smile. Let them smile.

So they laughed at Telemachus when the old monk threw himself into the arena at the Colosseum to stop the gladiatorial fights. They laughed, and they stoned him to death.

But it was the last gladiatorial fight in the Colosseum.

How They Grow



Short History of Armaments

Wanted, a Revolution

THERE are revolutions everywhere, political and military; how would it be to have another sort of revolution?

Reading the life of that fine old saint Francis de Sales the other day we came over and over again on things he had said on the sin of haste. "I try never to be in a hurry," he declared.

We are quite aware that in these days of slackness it may seem queer to advocate a policy of no hurry, but a glance at the rushing figures and troubled faces of travellers today makes us certain that there would be a great improvement in the steadiness of nerve, and the consequent ability to think clearly, if we allowed ourselves a little more time.

The Spur to Industry

WE see that one of the products of British industry shown at the British Industries Fair is

Steel spurs for cock-fighting, made at Walsall for export to America and France.

We can almost see them leaping the great Tariff Walls.

Skating and Fiddling

A BOOK has just been written by someone who was born before the Victorian Era began.

It is called 97, with good reason, and its author, Professor Francesco Berger, is still at the Guildhall School of Music.

Of course it is all about musicians, great and small. One of the stories concerns the famous fiddler Joachim.

He told Berger that he was trying to learn to skate, and got on pretty well when he practised with the instructor, but when he let go that worthy's arm he came down heavily on the ice.

The instructor said, with a superior smile: "You see, it isn't so easy to skate as it is to fiddle!"

Tip-Cat

A COSTER says he made his fortune with his barrow. Must have had plenty of push.

TRAMPS are no longer ragged. Not troubled with rents.

CHICAGO is proud of its canned provisions. Its motto should be: We can.

AMERICA has produced a marble champion. His triumph must leave him cold.

EACH room in a new hotel has a small library. Well supplied with pages.

A FAMOUS judge is trying to give up eating meat. We hope his efforts will not be fruitless.

PEDESTRIANS have an anxious time crossing the road. But they get over it.

OLD age cannot be won by living in a glass case, says a doctor. Even those who try it have to look out.

MUCH illness is caused by thoughtlessness. Or by ill thought.

A SPEAKER says the English build for eternity. Has he seen some of our bungalows?

THE modern woman is becoming domesticated. Also when she isn't.

A MAN says he has been cycling sixty years. Why not catch a train?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A MILLION pounds will be saved this year by cancelling the Territorial camps.

UNEMPLOYED men in Southwark have raised a fund to save the eviction of a family from its one-roomed home.

JUST AN IDEA

Only the pen can save civilisation from the sword. It would do wonders if readers of newspapers would ask their editors to remember it.

News About England

ONE of our greatest difficulties in dealing with the United States is the profound ignorance of one another's conditions which prevails on both sides of the Atlantic. It is always comical to see American tourists making notes here, and probably it is just as comical to Americans when Europeans quiz their little ways.

There is a very amusing page in a book just published in America on the Inca civilisation. It is a big work in two volumes, written by a judge of an American State rich in coal. He is Dr Miles Poindexter, and he writes thus delightfully about English coal-mining:

In the coalmines of Northumberland County in England there are said to be human beings born and grown to maturity in the mines without ever seeing the light of day.

We feel that the good doctor deserves a monument for this choice piece of news. It now only remains for some English author to refer to the well-known fact that there are trees in America so high that it takes two men and a boy to see to the top of them.

C.N. Philosophies
Obedience

OBEEDIENCE is the secret of freedom.

A little girl once said to her mother: "Grown-ups are very fortunate; they no longer have to obey."

Wait till you grow up, little girl, and you will see that obedience will demand all the more from you as you become more conscious of life, for obedience is not only a family virtue, but a social, scientific, and religious duty.

To obey means to submit to order, and, order being inherent in the world, man cannot escape it. Revolt and you will lose; submit and you will win.

The whole creation centres on absolute principles. Obedience consists in applying these principles under pain of destruction. Obedience is the basis of all right thinking and acting. Its chief characteristic is to be absolute. Let an architect fail to observe the law of equilibrium and his house will collapse; let one error creep into a mathematical problem and the whole result is wrong.

Obedience to truth is the first duty of man. To live in disobedience is to live without security.

The Listening World

One springtime when the nightingales awoke,
And when the light put by its golden gown,
To hear their songs night came in starlit cloak,
And, deep in grass, the little trees knelt down.

A stream on silver shoes went tiptoe by
To listen, and the Moon came, crowned in light;
And all the Earth and all the waiting sky
Were still to hear that music pierce the night.

Marjorie Wilson

TWO FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY

STORY TOLD TO A BISHOP

One More Chapter of Life in These Hard Days

BOYS WHO PULL THROUGH

By Our Hungary Correspondent

The Bishop of Transylvania, on a flying visit to Budapest, received for communion a number of Transylvanian boys at present studying in the Hungarian capital.

Many of them from his diocese he knew personally; others he felt he knew because of the something peculiar which marked them as Transylvanians. But one boy, a red-checked, bright-eyed, countrified-looking lad, he recognised at once as an alien in the crowd, and he asked with interest who he was and why he was there. One of the older boys, Ignác Ladó, answered for him.

"He is called András Péntek, and he comes from the Hungarian village of Tószeg. He is my guest at the Student's Home. You see, he draws well, and I'd like him to become a painter."

The Strolling Players

The bishop wanted to hear more, and after the others had gone he made these two sit down and tell him all about it. It was a very moving little story that came to light.

About eighteen months ago a wandering theatrical company came to grief in the village of Tószeg and its members dispersed in all directions. Only one, a half-grown young Transylvanian named Ignác Ladó, stayed on, not having the price of a railway ticket on him, nor even the cost of a square meal.

Play-acting was not his only talent, however; he had originally intended to be an artist, and now he found that he could earn an occasional meal and a night's shelter from the villagers by making charcoal drawings of their houses.

While thus employed he met a young day labourer of fifteen who told him he loved pictures and showed him his own drawings. The two became friends, and the matter ended in the younger lad taking the older one home with him.

Simple and Kindly People

Home was only a two-roomed labourer's cottage where parents and four children lived together. But somehow room was made for Ignác, and he was allowed to share the simple food which András Péntek the elder and András Péntek the younger were able, by working hard all day, to provide for the family.

For several months he stayed with these simple and kindly people, and meanwhile gave young András, whose drawings he thought astonishingly good, many useful hints on the handling of pencil and paint-brush. When at last he was able to leave for Budapest he advised his friend to follow him as soon as he could. András would have loved nothing better. But he had his work cut out for him at home, for his father, who had been badly wounded in the war, was often laid up, and at such times he had to support the whole household.

Full of Buoyant Hope

Twelve months went by, and the unemployment which had started in the big cities spread to the villages. Young András found himself without work from one week's end to another, and that made him think of Ignác Ladó's advice. What if he could find work, and instruction too, in Budapest?

One day during Christmas week he packed his few belongings into a bundle and started to walk to the capital. He walked from four in the morning till ten at night, full of buoyant hope and confidence; and his optimism was justified, for by the strangest of coincidences

FORTUNES FOR CROSSING-SWEEPERS

RESIDENTS of a suburb of Bendigo, the scene of so many gold finds in the fifties, were surprised the other day to see two young men vigorously sweeping one of the footpaths. The dust was swept into heaps and carted away. Householders glowed with pride at this mark of civic care.

The next day the two young men again went on with their self-appointed task, and the street became still freer of dust.

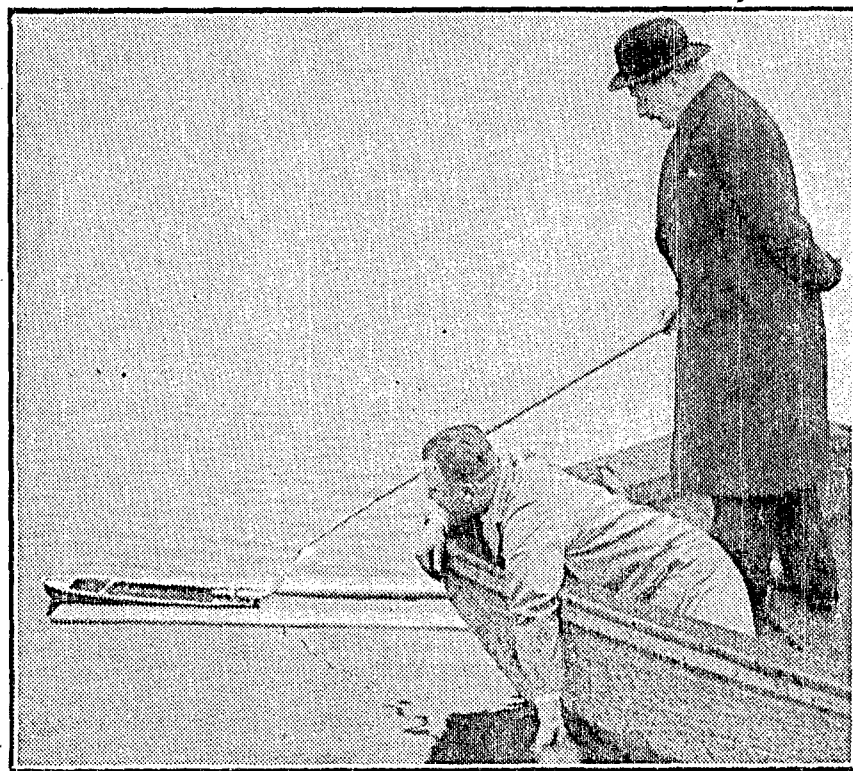
The residents may have been pleased, but the authorities thought otherwise. The removal of so much of the surface of the footpath meant damage to the gravel; the footpaths would soon need repairs, which meant additional expense.

Then somebody had the brilliant idea of following the young men to see where they were tipping the dust, and they discovered it being emptied into a cradle at the top of an old dam, rocked vigorously, and finally appearing on the baize as gold dust!

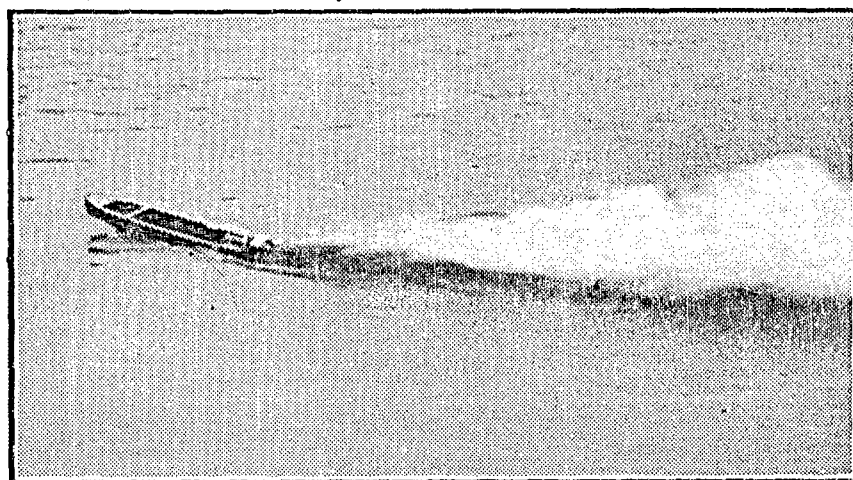
From a general point of view, these youthful fortune-seekers are much to be commended for their originality and enterprise, but the Law has other ideas on the matter.

In the meantime, the dust is again collecting along the footpath, and, though the gold-seekers are the poorer, the local authorities are the richer by one less repair bill this year. See *World Map*

THE LITTLE ROCKET BOAT



Mr Kaye Don starts the rocket boat



At Hampton-on-Thames experiments have been made with model boats propelled by rockets with the object of designing the hull of Miss England the Third, in which Mr Kaye Don will attempt to increase his speed record of 110 miles an hour. Next week's C.N. supplement deals with the interesting subject of Speed and Movement.

Continued from the previous column

the first person he ran into next morning was his friend. And what a friend he proved to be! Ignác Ladó is living at a Home for poor Transylvanian students while he is studying sculpture at the Art School. And he begged leave to take András there with him.

He shares his bed and his meals with him, which makes close quarters and a very meagre diet for the two of them, as well as all he himself knows of the art beloved of them both. Even his clothes he shares with him, from his greatcoat, which he pawned some time ago when they were very hungry, down to his only pair of gloves; on very cold days one of them wears the right glove, the other the left, and each keeps one hand in his pocket!

For three months now they have been living in this way, and Ignác Ladó is certain that if only they could go on András Péntek would become a great painter just as he himself means to become a sculptor of mark. But the trouble is that they cannot go on much longer, for they are practically starving; nor can a one-boy wardrobe be stretched to cover two boys (and growing boys at that) without becoming distressingly threadbare. Their one hope is that András may find work which will enable him to pay his fee at the Art School.

If he does all will be well; if he does not, he will have to trudge back to Tószeg with his dreams unfulfilled, but, we doubt not, with a brave smile still on his face and a brave hope in his heart. For he is that sort of boy.

FAIRY GOLD

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Hoard of Golden Sovereigns Come to Light

FIVEPENCE FOR FOURPENCE

At last the frozen gold of the world is beginning to melt—in parts.

The offer to pay a Pound Note and seven shillings for a golden sovereign has been as persuasive as the cunning magician's cry of New Lamps for Old in bringing the gold coins tumbling out of their hiding-places.

The C.N. quite lately found someone who had never seen a gold sovereign, but today they may be seen by anyone in the shop windows of dealers and jewellers who thus display the tokens which they are willing to buy at more than face value, and then sell again for something more.

From remote corners of England, and in still greater volume from Ireland, hoards have poured out of the houses of well-to-do people, and out of the stockings and mattresses, the chimneys and rafters, of cottages of people supposed to be poor. Everyone is anxious to get fivepence for fourpence.

Sent to France

It is said that much of this gold, whether melted down from sovereigns or from the gold ornaments, the bullion dealers are so ready to buy, is going abroad, a great deal of it to France.

What will become of it there? It can only be hoarded again. When the day of the great unloosing comes, as come it must, and gold again runs freely, it may prove that those who have sought it to hoard will find that, like fairy gold, it has turned into something less valuable.

Meanwhile, all the world, hypnotised by the magic of the name of gold, still seeks and pursues it. When the Berengaria anchored at Cherbourg, having brought to France a cargo of £4,800,000 of gold for the Bank of France, a load of ten barrels fell into the harbour. Someone said that the £64,000 it represented might as well be left where it was, because it would be just as active there as when lying motionless and out of circulation in the vault of the bank.

That, we need hardly say, was not the view of the Bank, and they spent much time and money in recovering their treasure.

Pirates' Gold?

It may be because gold is so much in the news that another tale of it comes from America. For a century past many tales have been told of the hoards hidden by pirates in islands of the Caribbean Sea. They generally remain tales that are told; the gold remaining where it was.

But a fisherman of the Bahamas, according to a circumstantial story, found five gold bars, worth £12,000, on an island beneath a wild plum tree, by the side of which was a mystic sign left there by a buccancer long ago.

It may be true or it may not, but the most convincing detail of the story is that the fisherman is now in gaol for refusing to deliver up a legal share of his treasure trove!

CHILDREN ON THE ROAD

Last year, despite a fall in the total number of road deaths in the metropolitan area, there was an increase in the number of little children killed. In 1930 the number of children killed under five was 46; in 1931 it was 64.

It is reported that, taking all ages, 14 fewer people were killed in the last quarter of 1931 than in the previous quarter, but 600 more were injured. This is far from satisfactory, especially when we remember that owing to depression there has been a decreased use of the roads.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

MUSIC IN THE OLD DAYS
Clavichords and Roman Flutes
at the London Museum

TREASURES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

There is a delightful little exhibition of musical instruments at the charming but rarely visited London Museum which all people interested in music should see more than once.

The first time it would be hard to get past those ranks of wedding dresses worn by queens in the hall; and the second time it would be hard to get past those cases of glittering and gorgeous gems roped in which Madame Patti used to sing, and the exquisite filmy swan dress worn by Pavlova in her famous dance. The third time we could really settle down to look at some rare instruments and ponder on the past.

First Upright Piano

They are in the State dining-room at Lancaster House, and very attractive do the keyboard instruments appear in such a setting. Looking from one to the other of these historic shapes, particularly the first upright piano made in 1811, we can but feel that the modern piano is a clumsy, unpleasing object.

The first maker of spinets in England, Thomas Hitchcock, made an extraordinarily charming one in 1710, and it is in this museum today, a delicate, slender shape, an idealised Baby Grand, with carved, faded keys. Close by it is a harpsichord made in 1788, a beautiful piece of craftsmanship, inlaid with marquetry. The keyboard instrument that we find very difficult to get away from is the faded clavichord, made in 1794, on which Haydn composed the greater part of his work.

Haydn's Clavichord

Not far away is the score of Haydn's Creation. It is not hard to imagine Haydn playing the delicate, tinkling accompaniments to With Verdure Clad on these worn keys. They have an odd look, for the black-and-white arrangement usual to the piano is reversed, the sharps and flats being white on the black open keys. The board is short, only four complete octaves.

The strings no doubt were touched just as lightly, whatever colour the keys. It is this touching of the strings instead of hammering them, as in the case of the piano, that makes the exquisite, unforgettable beauty of clavichord music. The notes are delicate as butterfly wings.

Plenty of other instruments were made in England by men proud of their skill and jealous of their name, like those made by Jacob Rayman, dwelling in Bell Yard, Southwark, 1650; John Johnson at the Harp and Crown in Cheapside, 1759. They are lovely tawny wood shapes, a pleasure to the eye.

It is the viol da gamba sold at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street in 1673 that one returns to, and the gambas in general, so daintily carved and inlaid in the neck, with the roguish little carved head for ever watching the player's creeping, shaking fingers.

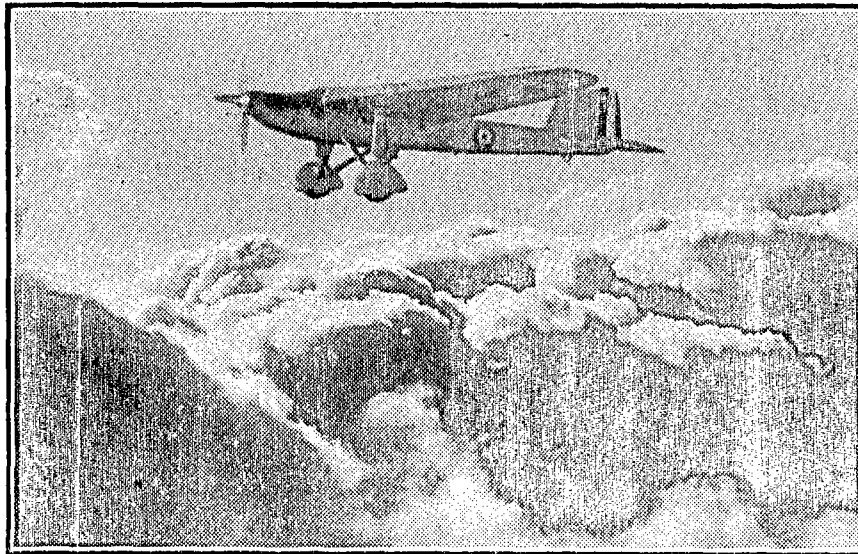
Alluring Toy Fiddles

The most amusing of the stringed instruments are two kits used by dancing masters, made in England about 1770, toy fiddles of alluring shape.

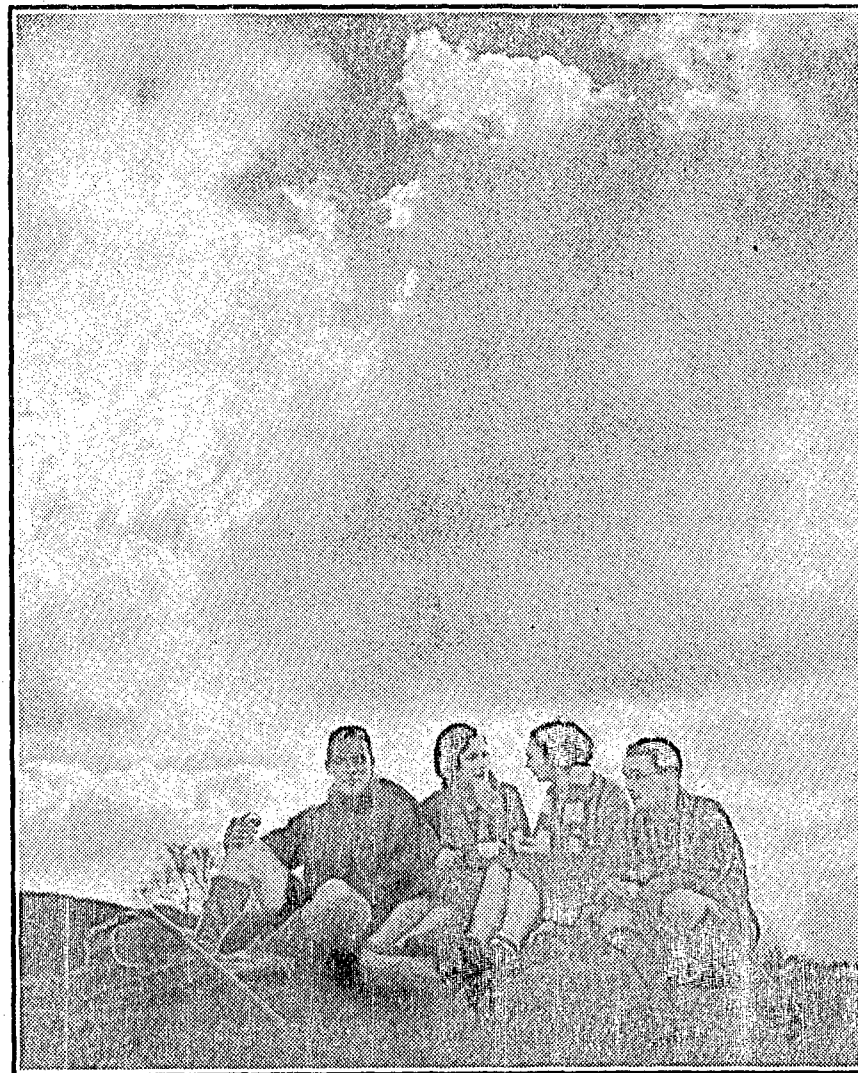
An ambitious and, alas! very small section of the exhibition is devoted to wind instruments from Roman times to the 19th century. They are marvellous, from the King's china flute and those decorative flageolets and trumpets, the silver so richly chased, down to the tiny bone flutes Roman boys made music on.

People who love personal knick-knacks will linger over the many cases of scores, programmes, mementoes of singers, composers, and conductors, their batons and trinkets and dancing shoes.

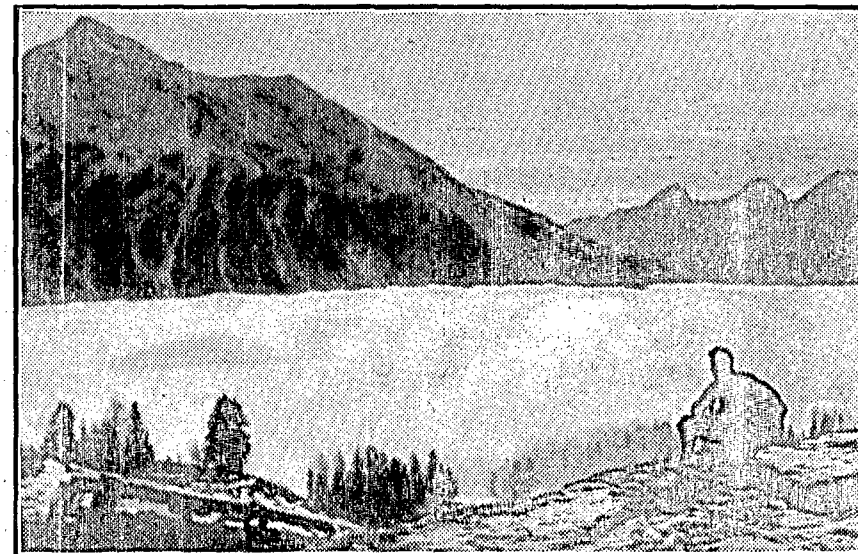
ABOVE AND BELOW THE CLOUDS



In the Air—Here is the Fairey monoplane, which has been built for a non-stop flight from England to Cape Town, making a practice flight among the clouds.



On the Ground—Any weather is good weather for walkers. A party in Epping Forest resting on a hilltop and enjoying the view.



On a Mountain—A mountaineer looks down from a rocky eminence on the clouds in the Bernina Pass in the borderland between Switzerland and Italy.

THE FARMER AND HIS FARM

What Is To Be Done
For Him?

TARIFFS ARE NOT EASY

The Government is pursuing a general policy in aid of both agriculture and horticulture.

A Reorganisation Commission is to be appointed to improve the marketing of milk, butter, and cheese.

The bacon industry is to be thoroughly organised. Prosperous bacon factories require excellent and dependable supplies, and there is no reason why Britain should not possess a very large pig and bacon industry.

Potato growers are, if possible, to be organised for marketing.

It is stated that the Government also contemplates action to assist our fishing industry.

This programme, however, by no means satisfies the farmers, for farming has many departments, and the policy which suits some does not suit all.

Those who are interested in producing meat complain that meat is not to be taxed, while they themselves will often have to purchase for their animals food raised in price by the 10 per cent duty.

A farmer who has to pay more for his feeding stuffs while getting no more for his meat naturally complains, all of which shows what everybody knows in his heart—that tariffs are not the simple thing some people fondly imagine.

The C.N. believes that the Tariff Walls are the curse of the world, and should come down everywhere forthwith.

THE CURSE ON THE STONE

A Grim Memorial

The Swedish Government has decided to move the Rock Stone.

For eleven centuries it has stood in the middle of a plain near Rock, and generations of learned men have come to pore over the inscriptions cut upon it. Today most scholars agree in accepting the translation of Professor O. van Friesen of Upsala University.

The stone, he says, was set up about the year 800 by an old man called Varin to commemorate the murder of his son. The law of those times was that the kinsman of a murdered man should avenge his death. It was but justice, thought the men of those days.

Varin was too old and weak to discharge this duty. His other son was too young. But he bade this son remember, when he grew up to be a strong and skilful warrior, that his brother had been foully slain and must be avenged.

Then follow curses on the murderer, and magical inscriptions intended to give the young brother strength to fulfil his duty. Much of the story is told in verse, and some of it is expressed in a kind of shorthand.

The Swedish Government intends to move it from the plain to a downland site near the mountain of Omberg. Apparently it is felt that this grim memorial should have a more dramatic setting, and should be far removed from pigsties and petrol pumps.

RUTLAND'S BOAST

Rutland has made a record. We think it must be a record for an English county, but we should love to be flatly contradicted.

The Rutland Justices were not called on to deal with a single case of drunkenness last year.

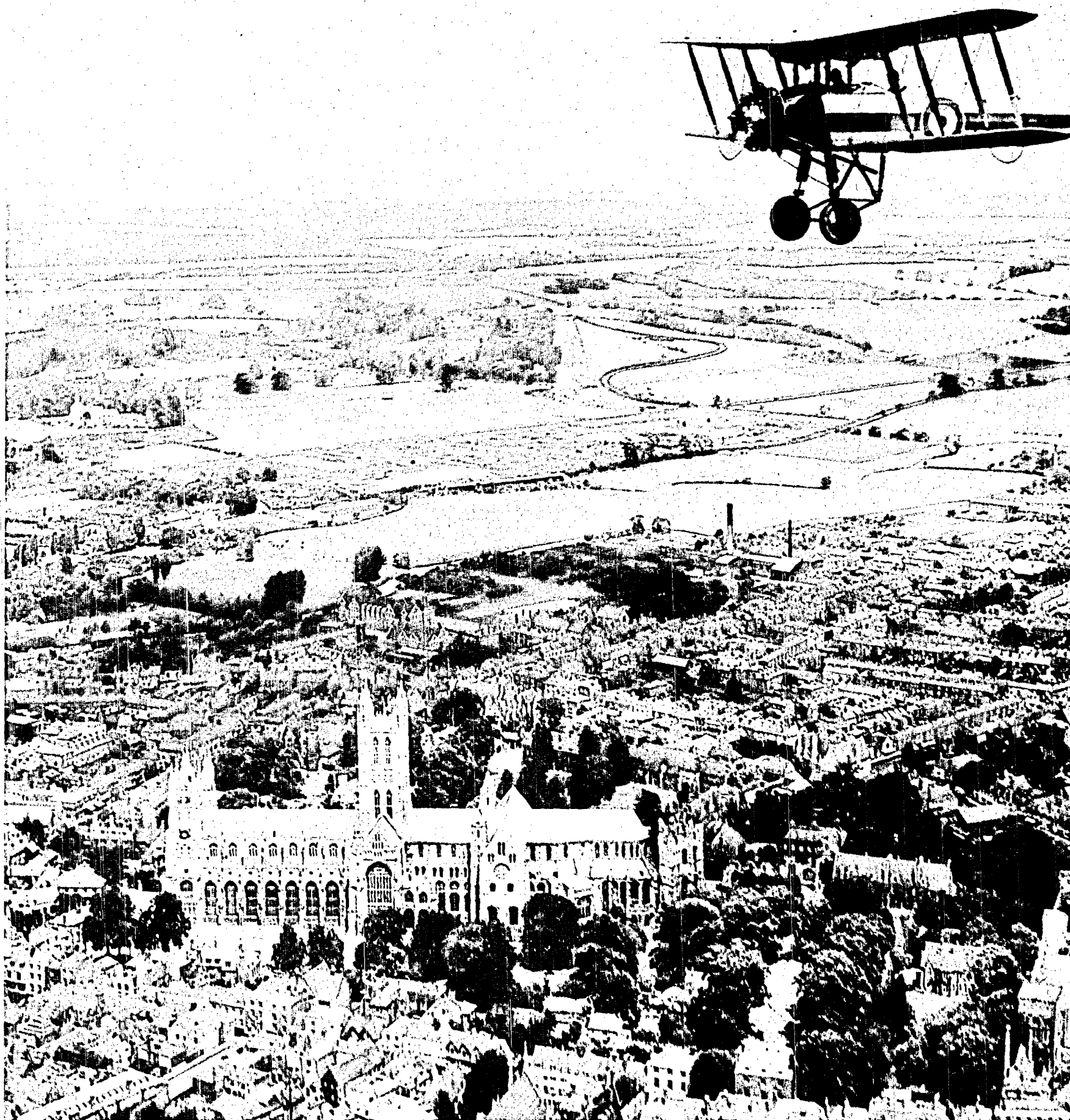
It is a splendid boast, which could never have been made in what are sometimes called the good old days; and it shows what immense strides have been made in this county in overcoming the Drink evil.

THE MOTHERLAND FROM THE AIR

Famous Places as the Flying-Man Sees Them

The aeroplane has given to Man a gift as of another pair of eyes, the eyes of a bird. Each year thousands of people enjoy the wonderful experience of seeing familiar places from the skies and to most of them the new viewpoint comes as a revelation. Up to the present time

impressions of a place have been usually gained from knowledge of it at ground-level, but with the growth of the flying habit we shall have to revise our ideas of places and things. Here let us go aloft with a flying-man and take a few peeps at some famous places in our Motherland.



The flying-man's view of Canterbury Cathedral, the Mother Church of England.

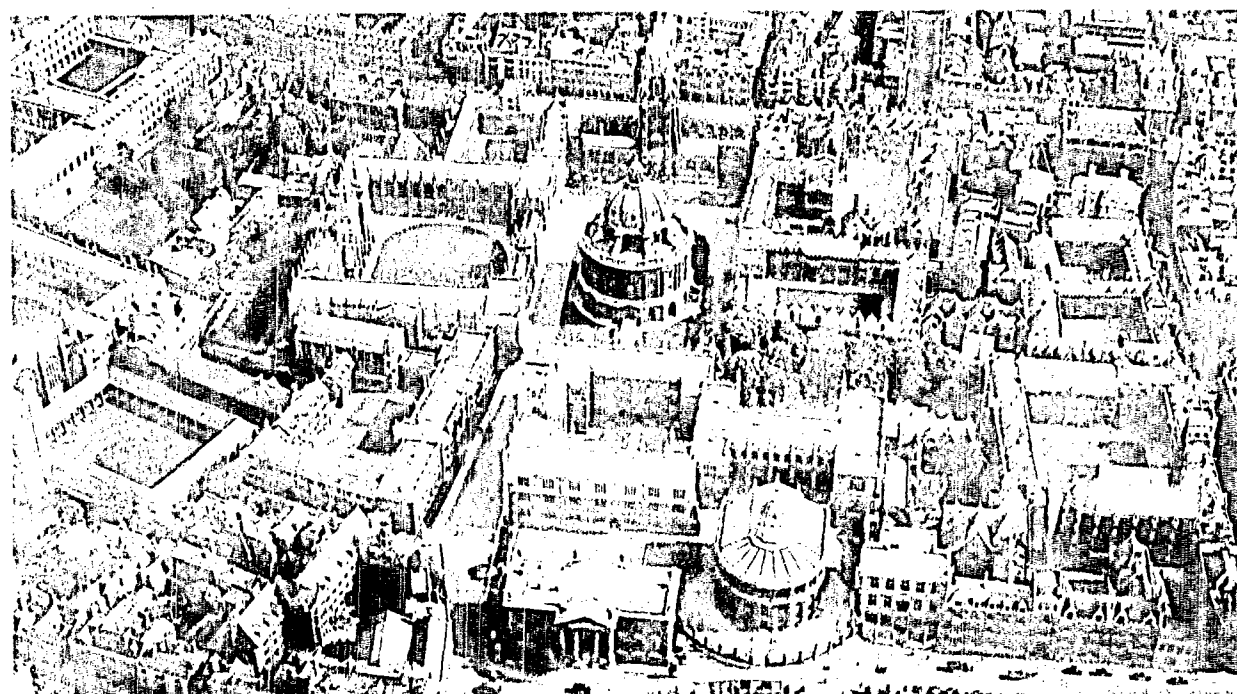
Canterbury has had a cathedral since the end of the sixth century, when St Augustine founded the See and consecrated a Roman Church as his cathedral. The present building was begun by

Lanfranc, the first Norman Archbishop, about 1070, on the ruins of St Augustine's Church. It is the work of many builders and several centuries, the beautiful central tower being added about 1495.

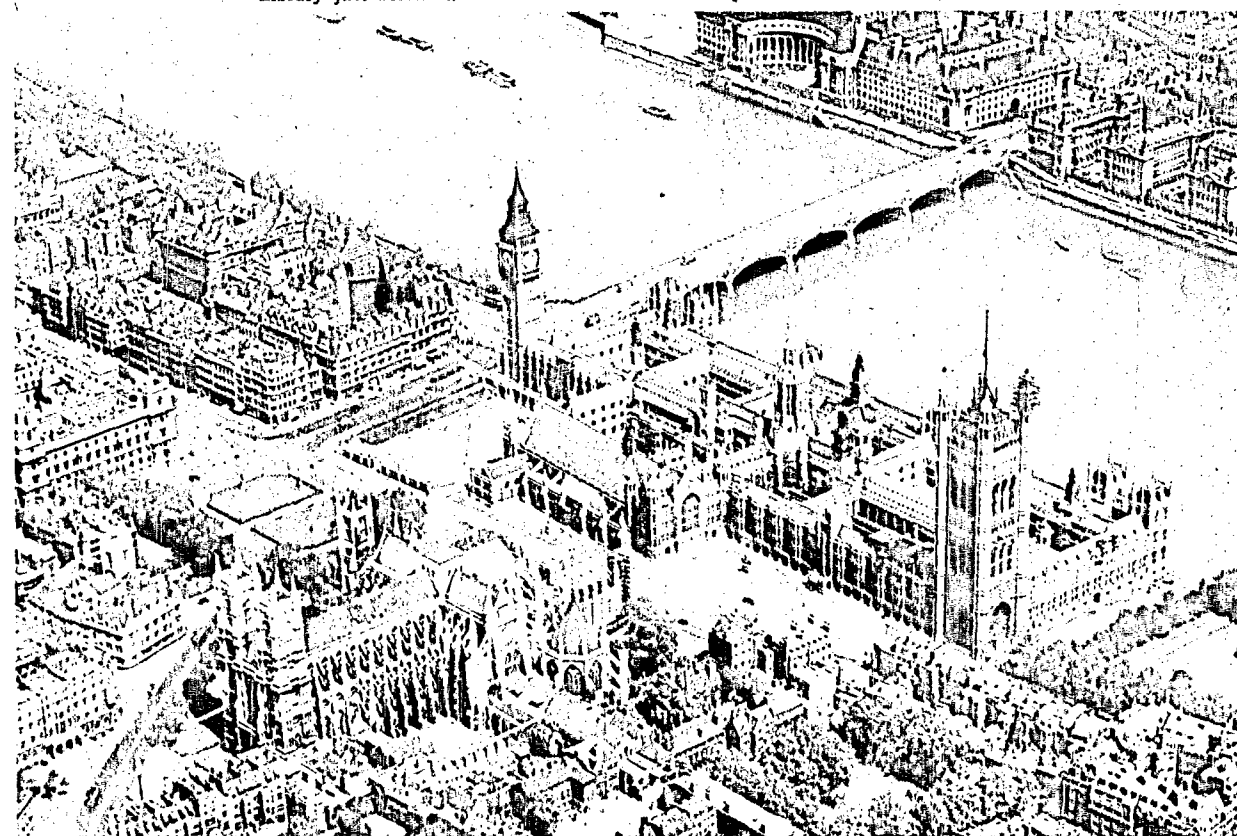
ENGLAND FROM THE AIR—WHAT THE FLYING TRAVELLER SEES



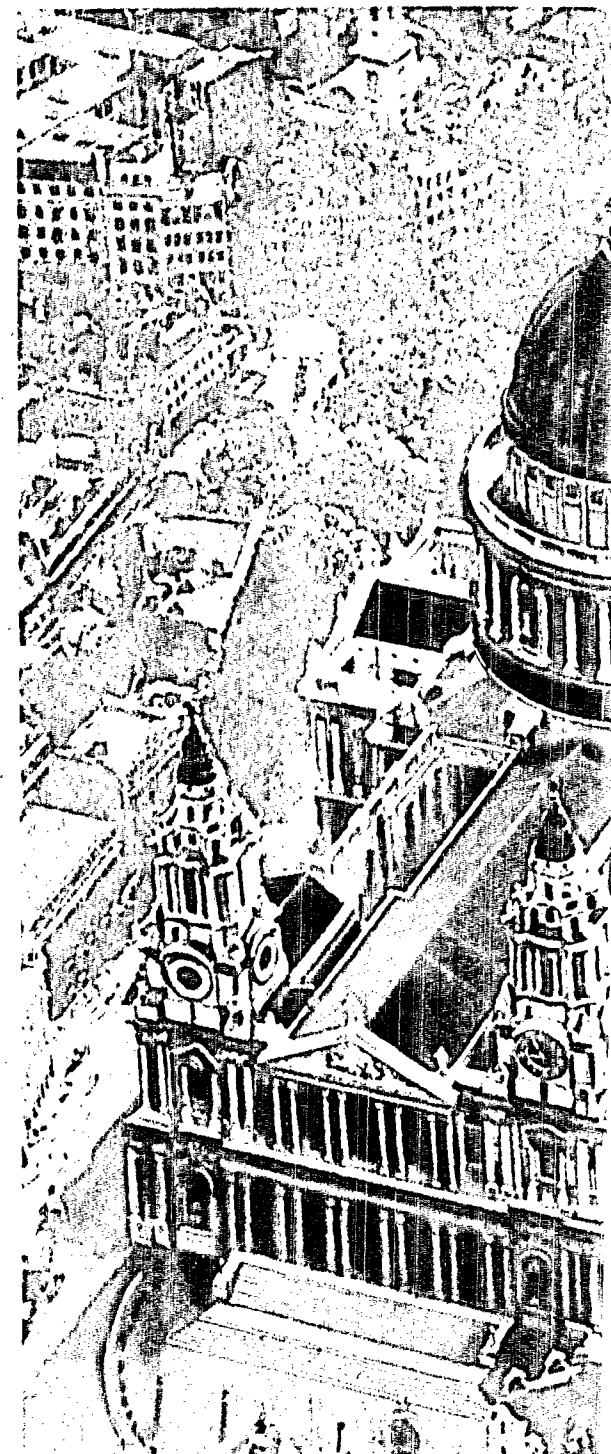
Old Sarum, the ancient hill fort near Salisbury, with ruins of the castle of the kings of Wessex on the central mound and, on the left, the foundations of the old cathedral.



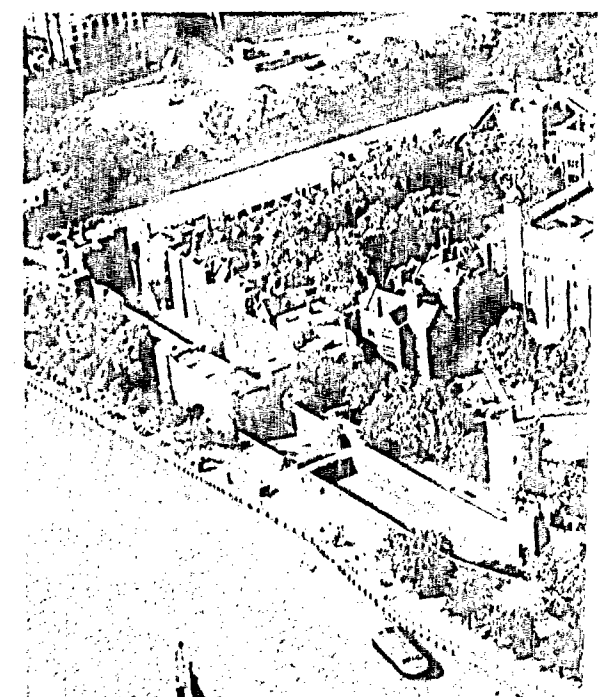
Oxford. The domed building in the centre is the Radcliffe Camera, with the Bodleian Library just below it. The Sheldonian Theatre is prominent in the foreground.



The Heart of Little Treasure Island—Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Across the river is the London County Hall.



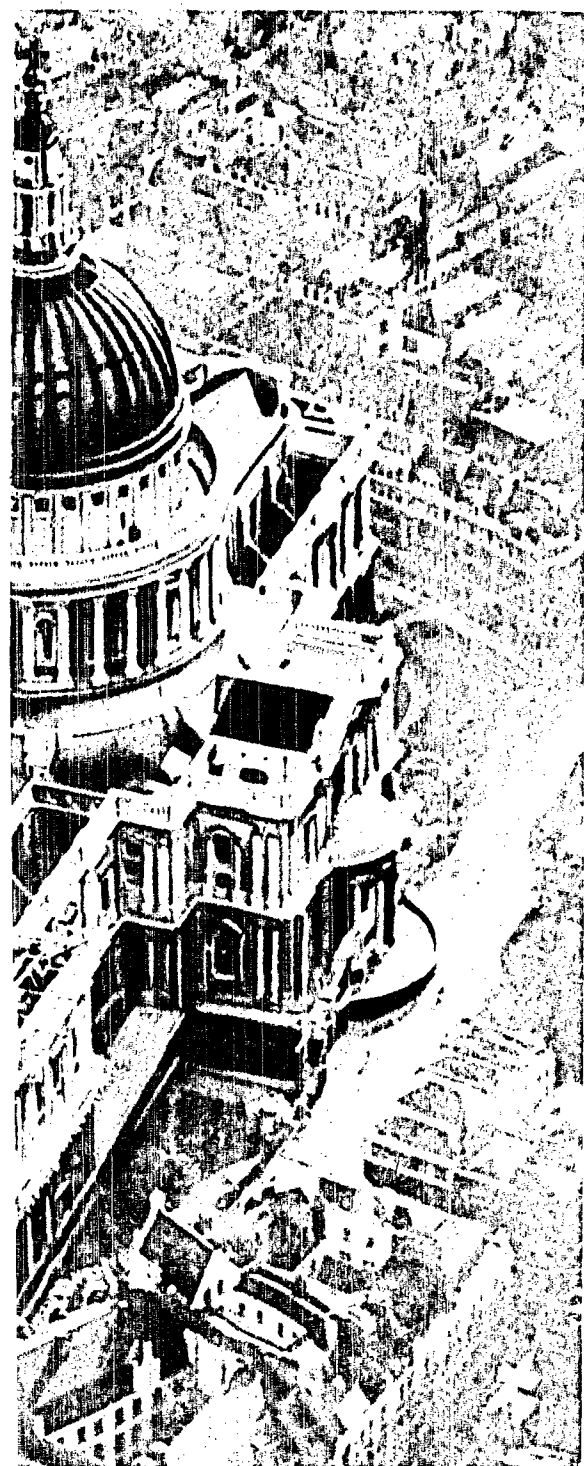
St Paul's Cathedral with its great dome Wren to replace the earlier cathedral.



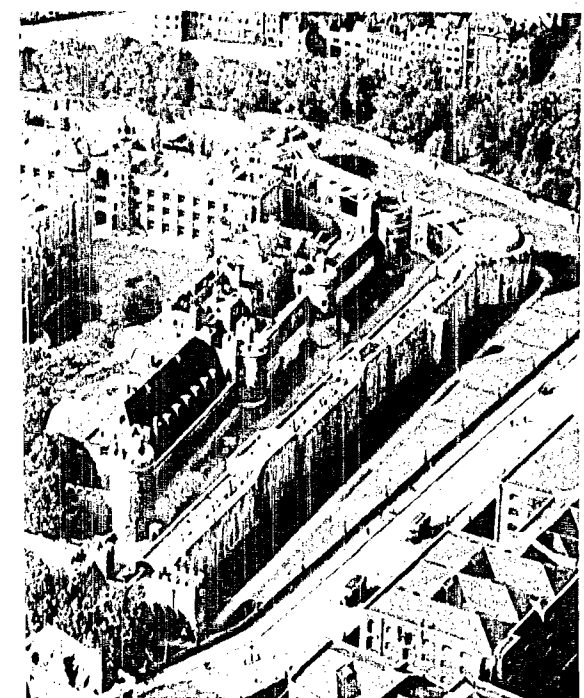
The Tower of London, the ancient fortress of England's story. The White Tower in the foreground.

Of all the famous buildings in the Motherland perhaps none is so well known from the air as St Paul's. In the days before aeroplanes, when the first airships were being made to fly more or less at the will of their navigators, it was always the great aim of the English airship

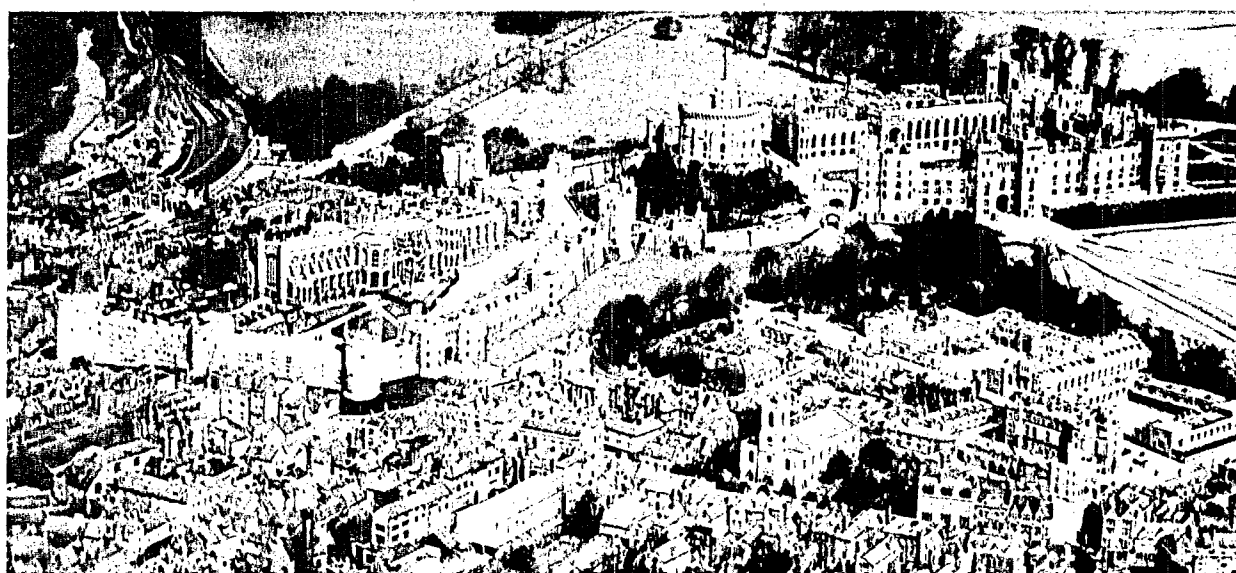
WELLER SEES FROM HIS WINDOW IN THE CLOUDS



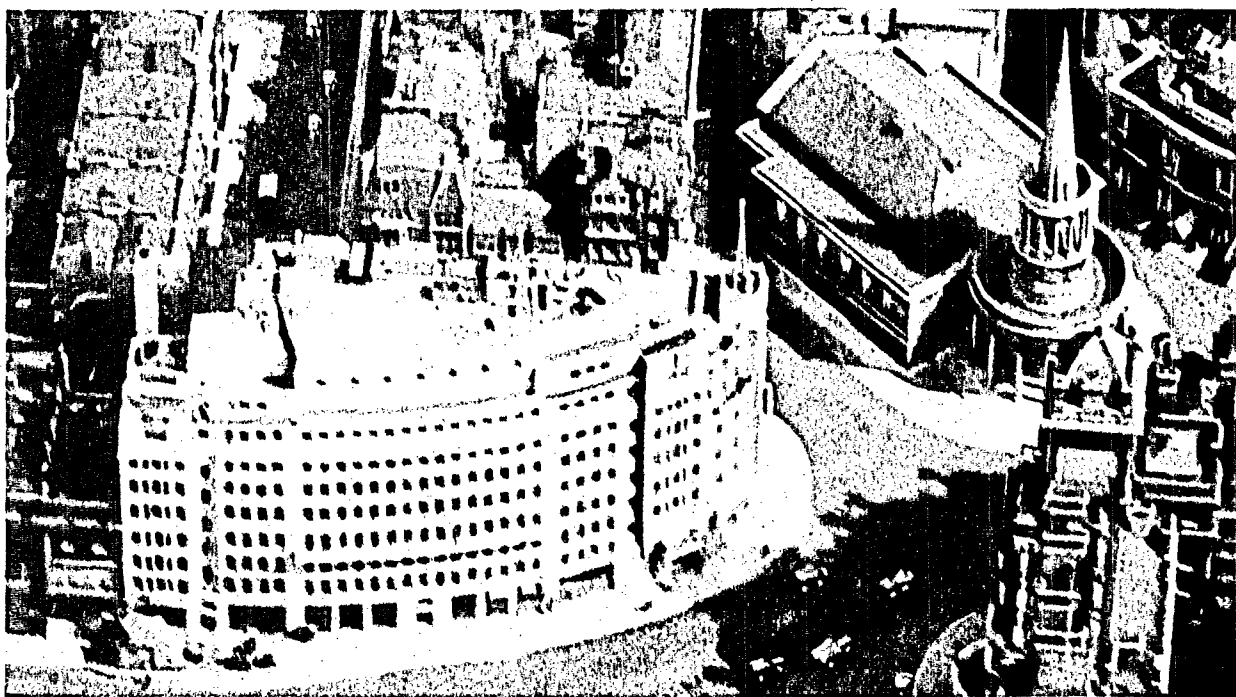
St Paul's Cathedral, a masterpiece built by Sir Christopher Wren, which was not destroyed in the Great Fire of London.



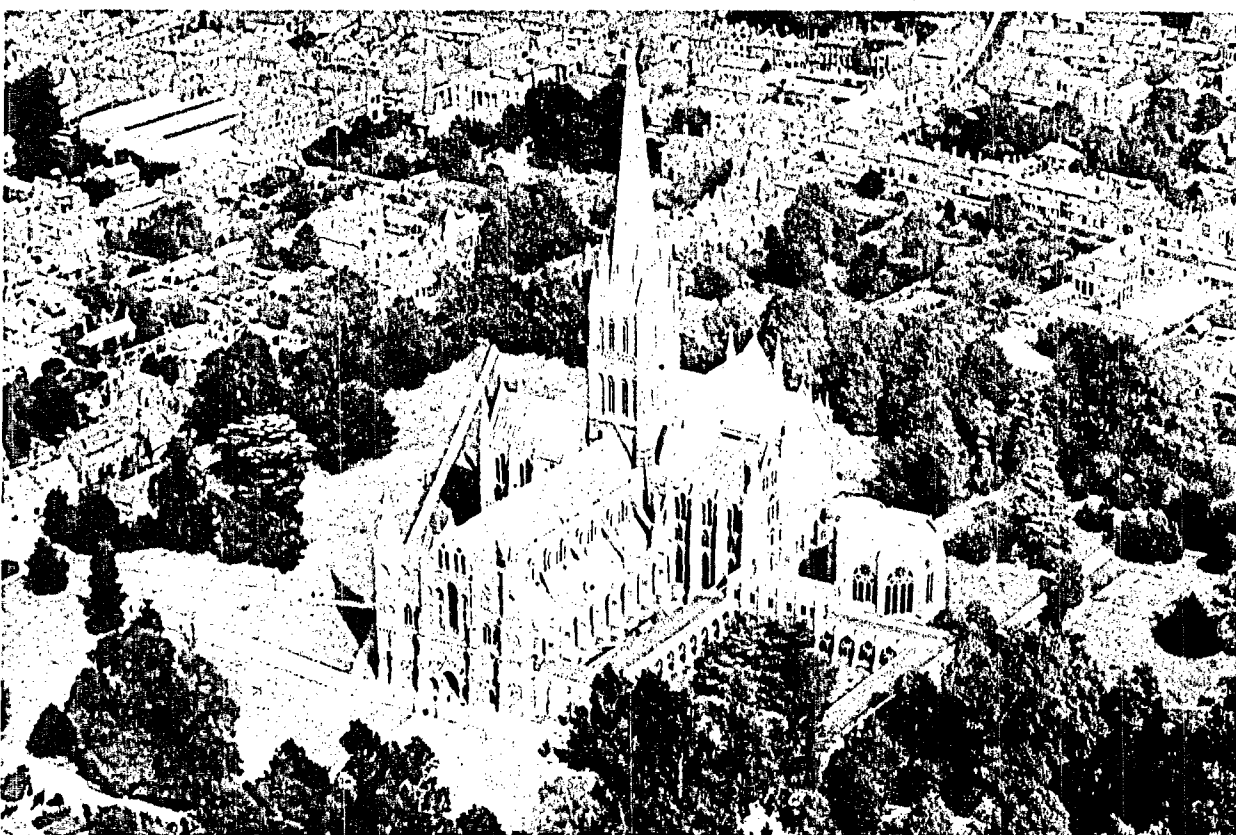
The Tower of London, a prison which has played so grim a part in English history. It was built by William the Conqueror.



Windsor Castle, the home of the kings of England for eight centuries. It was founded by William the Conqueror on the site of an earlier fortress, since when it has been considerably added to and rebuilt.



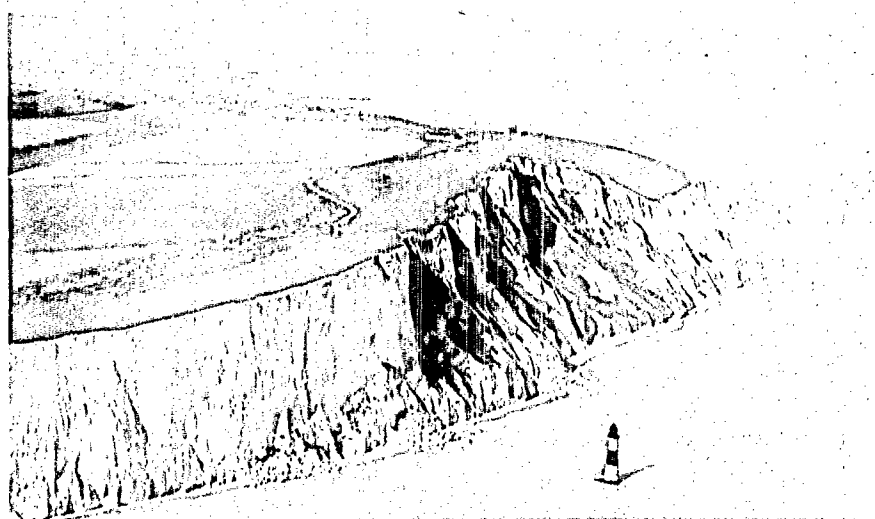
Broadcasting House, the new headquarters of the B.B.C. at Portland Place. When broadcasting began, a little more than ten years ago, a small room at the top of Marconi House was the studio.



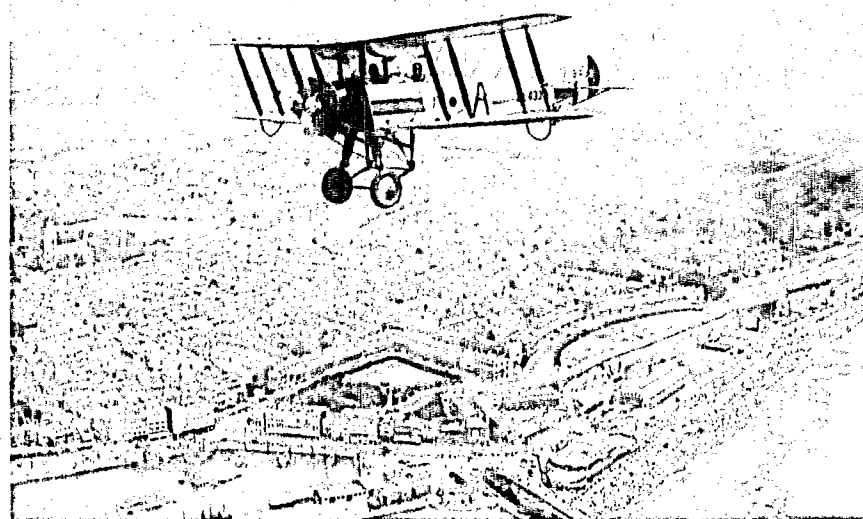
Salisbury Cathedral, with the highest and perhaps the loveliest spire in England. This aerial view emphasises the beauty of the 13th-century cathedral and its setting.

men to fly to London, make a circuit of the dome of St Paul's, and fly back home. And today St Paul's Cathedral still appears to be a centre of interest to flying travellers, though aeroplanes are not encouraged to fly over London, except at great heights, for fear of accidents.

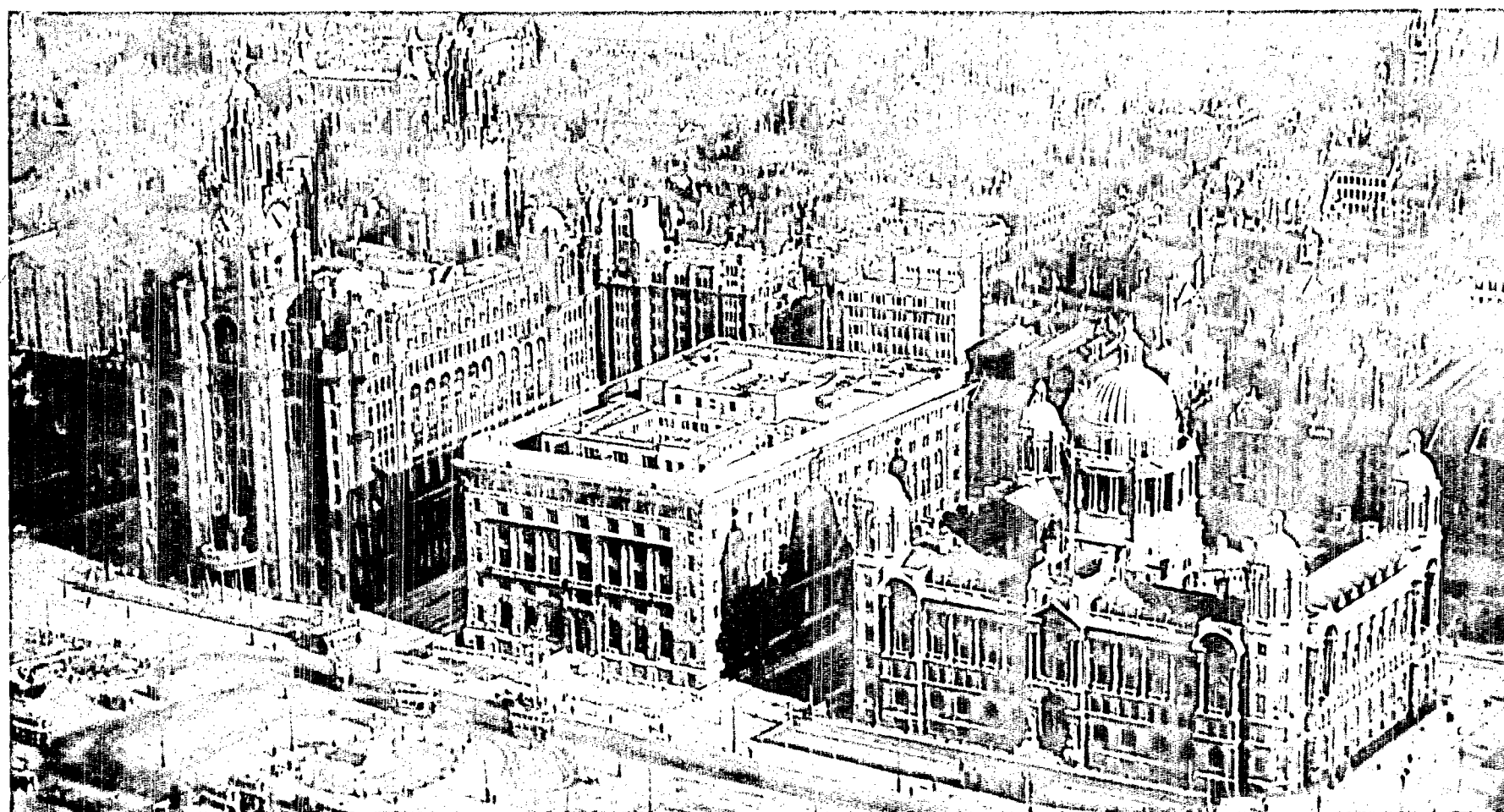
NEW VIEWS OF FIVE FAMILIAR PLACES



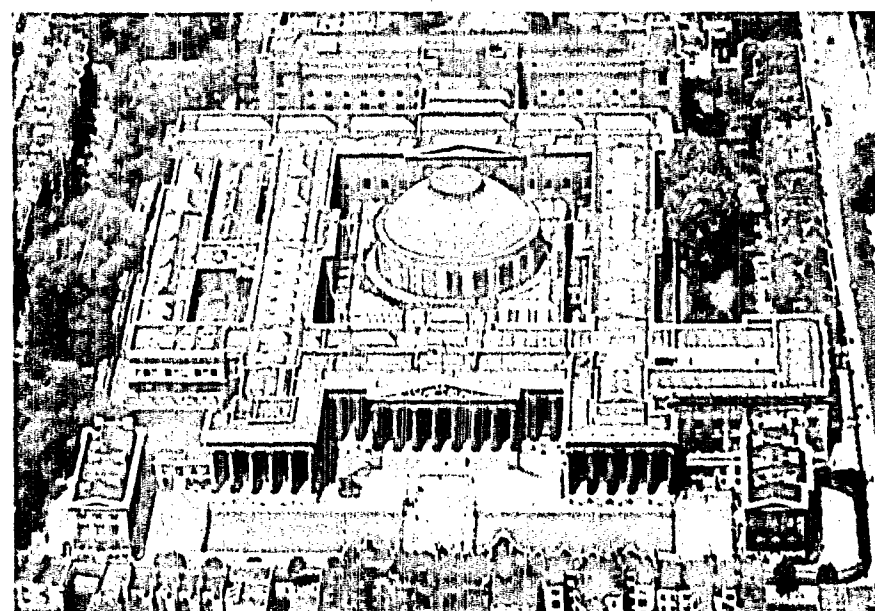
The white walls of Albion—Beachy Head, which rises 533 feet from the seashore.



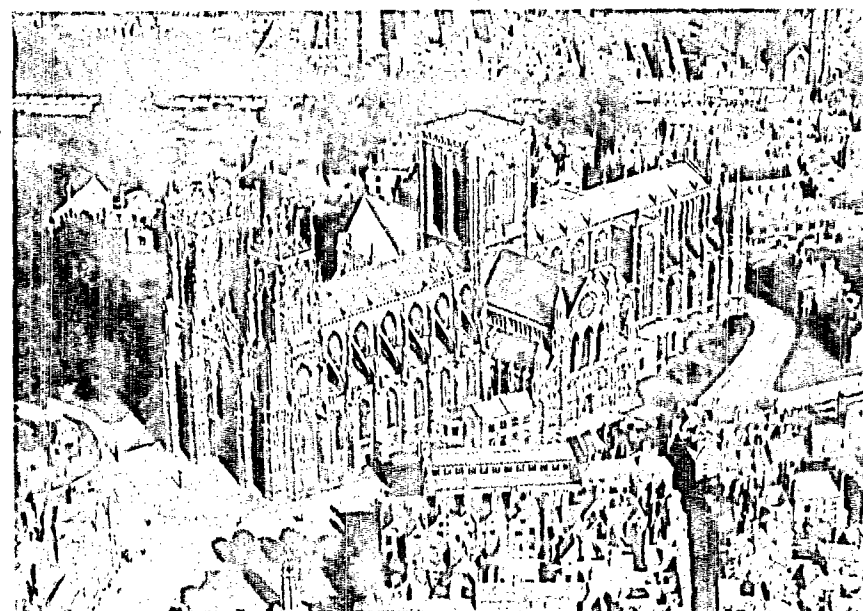
A plane high above the crowded beach and busy streets of Ramsgate, the Thanet resort.



Three of Liverpool's famous buildings on the Mersey front—the Royal Liver Building, the Cunard Building, and the head office of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.



The nation's great treasure-house in Bloomsbury—a view of the British Museum which shows to advantage the great dome of the reading room. The dome is 140 feet across.



The Glory of York stands out above the city roofs—beautiful York Minster, one of the most perfect examples of Perpendicular architecture in England.

Liverpool, England's Gateway to the Western World, is the second port in the British Empire. She has seven miles of docks, registers a seventh of the world's shipping, and has a population of well over a million. Yet 200 years ago her population was only 10,000.

March 12, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

9

ROY OF SWEDEN

How He Behaved in Great Trouble

The Skaergaard, as the island district between Stockholm and the Baltic is called, has been the scene of a thrilling rescue by a dog. His name is Roy, and his mistress, Mrs Fahlstedt, of the island Hamnholmen, declares there is no dog like him along the entire Swedish coast.

The other day Mrs Fahlstedt, who lives alone on her island, had to cross several sounds to take a letter to the post office. The ice was far from reliable, but she was armed with a sturdy ice-pole and tried the ice step by step. In spite of this precaution the ice gave way, and she found herself in the water. She called on Roy to bring her the ice-pole, which he did, holding on to the other end with his teeth, thus keeping his mistress from sinking.

Then Mrs Fahlstedt, noticing that the ice was beginning to break under the dog, told him to run for help. He understood her and ran off at high speed barking furiously. In the meantime a man on the near shore had observed the accident and managed to save Mrs Fahlstedt with great risk to himself.

When Roy saw that his mistress was being helped he hurried back and boisterously showed his joy. Mrs Fahlstedt had then been an hour and a half in the icy water, but she has now recovered from her terrible experience.

A WORD FOR NURSE

The Great Uncomplaining

These are difficult times for people who have no resources, nothing put by for a rainy day; and of all those who work hard, and have little chance of putting something by, our sympathies should perhaps go most to nurses.

They are as a rule wretchedly paid, and even if they earned twice as much they would probably spend it on the poor and the sick who come under their care. Many a patient's convalescent fortnight at the sea has come out of a nurse's pocket.

We know of one nurse who had no holiday for four years. Then she arranged to have her leave from hospital at the time when there was illness in the happy but impecunious home of an artist. She went there, gave her services for nothing, and said the change in Cornish air did her as much good as a rest. We can make a good guess at the state of her bank book.

They are usually happy, these unselfish women, but the state of affairs does not seem right. The difficulty in adjusting it lies in the fact that a sick breadwinner cannot afford to pay a nurse as she deserves to be paid, and the nurses know it and do not grumble. That is why the C.N. is making a small grumble for them.

TEN PUPPIES AND A KITTEN

A Cat Takes Charge

A Swiss woman in Holland, owning two pets, a cat and a dog, found one night that a kitten and ten puppies had been added to her household.

And then the poor dog became ill and died, and the puppies were left motherless—but not for long, for the cat evidently considered that one kitten was no whole-time job for a cat. Eyeing the motherless puppies, she chose one, picked it up, and placed it by the side of her kitten.

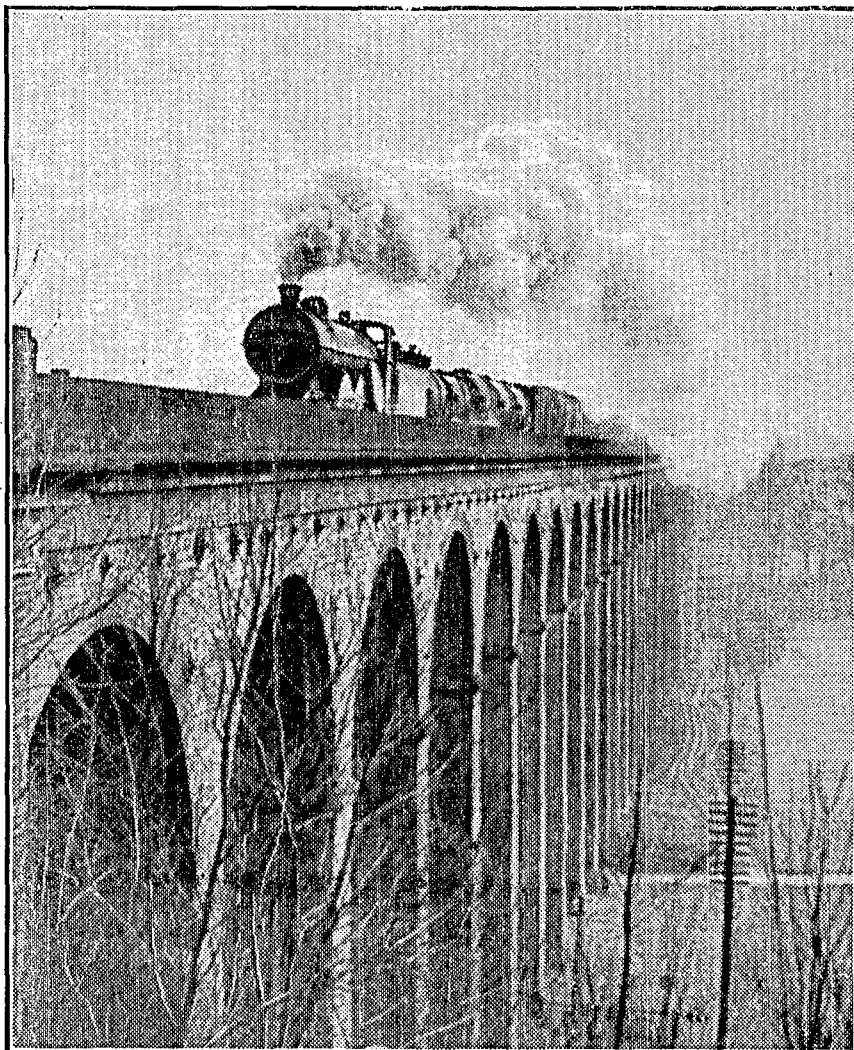
Three times she returned to the kennel, and when there were four little puppies beside her kitten she looked at them critically and decided that even a cat could do no more.

The remaining six puppies had to be brought up by bottle, while Pussy did her duty by the others and to her own small kitten. Today the whole assorted family are doing splendidly.

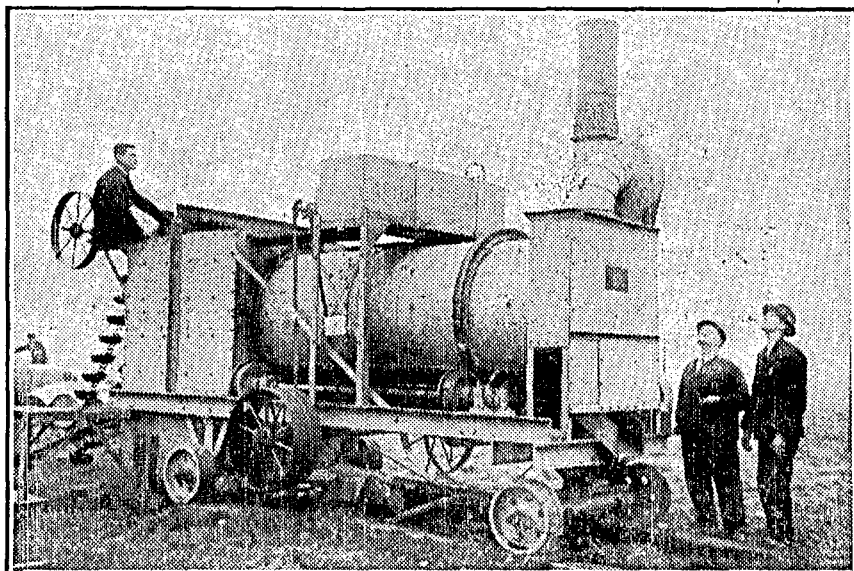
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Daffodil Time in Cornwall—In some parts of the country the daffodils are already in flower. These girls are at work near Penzance, gathering blooms that are to be sent to market.



A Five-Year Task—The Welwyn Viaduct, which carries the L.N.E.R. across the Mimram Valley in Hertfordshire, is to have its brickwork repointed, a task which will take five years. The viaduct has 40 arches, some a hundred feet high, and is 1490 feet long.



Engine Which Makes Roads—At the heavy section of the British Industries Fair, held at Birmingham, this wonderful roadmaking engine was exhibited. It not only mixes concrete, but lays it while it is moving along.

NEW HONOUR FOR THE CHIEF SCOUT

MOUNT BADEN-POWELL

Two-Year-Old Boy's Adventure in Minnesota

A NOTABLE FRIENDSHIP

It is good to read that another honour has fallen to the Chief Scout.

Many mountains bear the names of famous men, and now a peak in the Los Angeles National Forest in California has been dedicated as Mount Baden-Powell.

During the naming celebrations thousands of American Scouts camped at the foot of the Chief's mountain. Fifty Scouts also climbed to the top, 9389 feet up, and built a cairn of stones on which they unfurled the National colours. In granting permission for the renaming of the mountain, formerly known as North Baldy Peak, the United States Geographical Board said: "We are more than pleased to name this American mountain peak in honour of Lord Baden-Powell, who, because of his splendid achievement in giving to the world a movement for the youth of all lands, may well be considered a world citizen."

A Delightful Companion

It was appropriate that the Scout who delivered the dedication address, Major F. R. Burnham, should be a personal friend of Lord Baden-Powell. In a letter to his mother from Africa in 1896 the Chief Scout wrote of his friend: "Burnham is a most delightful companion. Having seen service against the Red Indians he brings quite a new experience to bear on the Scouting work here. And while he talks away there's not a thing escapes his quick, roving eye, whether it is on the horizon or at his feet."

What a number of adventures Major Burnham has had! In his book on Scouting on Two Continents he tells of some of them.

As a two-year-old boy he had a narrow escape from death when a hostile party of Indians attacked his log cabin home on the frontier of Minnesota. Major Burnham's mother caught sight of the Indians creeping along the creek. With extraordinary presence of mind, and realising that she could not possibly carry her son to safety, Mrs Burnham hid him in a newly-stacked shock of corn, too green to fire. Then, warning her baby to lie perfectly still, she fled to a cabin six miles away. Looking back, she saw her home in flames.

Silent Obedience

Next morning, when Mrs Burnham returned with friends, she found her baby nestling unhurt among the corn. In his own words, written many years later, he "had faithfully carried out his first orders of silent obedience."

Major Burnham at 31 felt an irresistible call to South Africa, there to offer his services to Cecil Rhodes in his task of building up that vast Dominion. Through his courage and skill in tracking down a treacherous high priest to his cave the second Matabele War was stamped out. As chief of Scouts under Lord Roberts he performed remarkable feats in the Boer War.

Of this Scout's friendship with Lord Roberts, the Chief Scout, and Sir Rider Haggard, much could be written; but perhaps Major Burnham's greatest admiration was reserved for Cecil Rhodes. His motto in dealing with the natives may well give us guidance today:

They should find in his tongue no fork, in his heart no hatred, and in his hand no sword.

Flodden Field is not to be spoiled by pylons, as was threatened, another cable route having been arranged.

Owing to the extension of London's business area westward many trains will now run to Charing Cross instead of to Cannon Street Station.

THE EXILE IN THE ABBEY

AFTER 200 YEARS
A Wreath For a Great Figure
of Queen Anne's Day

FRANCIS ATTERBURY

The other day the Londoner's Circle went to Westminster Abbey with a wreath to lay on the grave of one who was buried there, and buried in secret, 200 years ago.

It must have been one of the strangest funerals the Abbey has known. Instead of the pomp and ceremony and the great crowd of mourners that are customary with an Abbey burial, there was a hurrying secrecy as if a traitor were being laid in earth.

An Act of Parliament had been passed to deprive the dead man of all his honours, to banish him for life, and to forbid any British subject to hold intercourse with him.

Among the Heroes

Yet after his death in exile they buried him among the kings and heroes.

The man so banished, and so buried, had been the friend of Pope, Swift, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Gay. His name was Francis Atterbury.

He was born in a Buckinghamshire rectory in 1662, and gained a name for himself at Oxford by his scholarship and his prose, which flowed swift, bright, and forceful as a brook. At 26 he made himself famous by a treatise in defence of Martin Luther and the Reformation.

Atterbury took Orders. Queen Anne made him a bishop, and took him for her chief adviser in Church matters; but his enemies said that he had only been made a bishop because he was such a bad dean!

Sent to the Tower

He had many enemies, made by his witty pen and tongue. He was an ardent politician, and spoke often in Parliament. If Queen Anne had lived he would no doubt have been made Archbishop of Canterbury; but she died very suddenly, and when George the First came over from Hanover the Whigs, who were Atterbury's enemies, came into power.

In 1722 there came to light a plot to bring the Pretender to England and make him king. Atterbury, who had refused to take an oath of allegiance in 1715, was accused of being a conspirator, and was sent to the Tower.

It was proved beyond all moral doubt that he had corresponded with the Pretender, but there was not sufficient proof to make him legally guilty. A Bill was passed by 83 votes to 43 which banished him for life.

A King Without a Kingdom

Then the Protestant exile became Prime Minister to a Roman Catholic king without a kingdom. Years went by, bringing only vain hopes, fruitless plans, home-sickness, and anxiety.

Atterbury fell ill.

There was one great love in his life. He was devoted to his daughter, who was married and could not share his exile. But when she heard that he was ill she said she must go to him, whatever the Act of Parliament had said.

She was ill herself, and the long and tedious journey made her so much worse that she died the night that she reached him at Toulouse.

Two years later Atterbury followed her. They brought his body home; and because he had been Dean of Westminster they buried him secretly in the Abbey. No inscription marked the grave of one who had been one of the greatest figures in Queen Anne's reign.

But after 200 years he has his wreath.

A white whale has been stranded on an island in the Hebrides.

6000 MILES FOR THREE HALFPENNIES

A Word Half Across
the World

These lines from a letter have made us think again with wonder of the cheapest thing in civilisation, the message we can send across the world for three halfpence.

Think of the journey of a letter from you to me, says the writer, who is out in British Columbia and was writing in answer to a letter from Kent.

From peaceful Kent to crowded Liverpool, on the liner up to Scotland, calling at lovely Greenock Bay, with another stop in Belfast Lough, then off over the restless sea, a grey wide circular horizon, the only view for days and days.

At last the Strait of Belle Isle, then Labrador, the St Lawrence, Quebec with its French-speaking people, and on up the mighty river 200 miles to Montreal, the greatest city of Canada; and the first 3000 miles is ended.

On by the powerful rattling train, through the province of Quebec, through Ontario with its rocks and forests and houses made of wood, the three-wheeled bogies keeping up a steady clatter day and night over the rails.

A Bigger Switzerland

Winnipeg marks the beginning of the prairies, rich flat corn land, then dreary desert waste—on and on and on. Towns with story-book names roll by—Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat. The passengers lie down for noisy weary nights, and morning is welcomed in the stuffy sleepers. Then Regina, Calgary, and the Rockies. No paragraph can describe the scene. It is Switzerland with its ruggedness multiplied by five and its size by hundreds.

Painfully puffing and climbing, up goes the train with the chuffing of her two engines echoing from the rocks. A pause at the top, the Great Divide, where streams flow swiftly toward three different oceans; then down and down, bending round and round again, branching off from the main line at Sicamous, where the mountains give place to mere hills of two or three thousand feet, their timbered sides reflected in the lakes below.

The local daily train carries on down the valleys, along the edge of the lakes to the Okanagan Valley. The last 90 miles is by the stately lake steamer, between the barren rainless hills and the lower orchard-covered slopes.

So ends the journey of 6000 miles over land and sea and lake. The letter has arrived in British Columbia a fortnight after it was slipped into a post-box in Kent.

A KING'S BEGGING LETTER

Left in a Taxi

The other day the London police were searching for a king's begging-letter.

For nearly 300 years it had been safely kept in the hands of one family. Then it was borrowed for exhibition, and the messenger who brought it from York to London left it in a taxi. It was, however, soon recovered.

But the document is by no means unique. The Stuarts were great borrowers, and it was Charles the Second who wrote to Sir Richard Graham in 1662:

I am so much assured of your good intentions towards me that I know you will oblige me in the loan of £200. The bearer (who knoweth the means of delivery to me) will be my full acknowledgement and acquittal thereof.

Your loving friend Charles.

Sir Richard had been made a baronet for his services to the Stuarts during the Civil War, and his direct descendant, Sir Guy Graham, owned the letter which was left in the taxi.

Mr Winston Churchill asked a fee of £1000 for broadcasting in America.

GOOD FRIENDS OF INDIA

Work of the Scouts

One more story of the good work of the Boy Scouts comes to us from India.

Throughout India, but especially in the Bombay Presidency, there are wandering groups of people known as the Criminal Tribes. To these people, thieving, housebreaking, forgery, and other crimes have become quite ordinary means of making a livelihood.

In the Bombay Presidency alone there are 45,000 of these people, and some time ago the Government devised a scheme by which they sought to reform these Criminal Tribes. To put a man in prison, thought the Government, was no real remedy when the prisoner left behind him eight or nine sons to carry on the traditions of the tribe.

New Ideals For Criminals

The Government decided on stern action. They made a ruling that, when required, a Criminal Tribesman and his family must reside in a special settlement where work and food would be provided. In this settlement schools were established for children and adults, and everything was done to provide the Criminal Tribes people with a new set of ideals.

The work of these settlements is just beginning to bear fruit. The tremendous task of changing the whole outlook of a people is meeting with gradual success, and one of the most helpful factors in this task has been the introduction of Boy Scouts into the ranks of the Criminal Tribes.

One of the largest settlements is at Hubli, a large industrial town in the cotton district. There are six Scout Troops there, and they are all doing good work, being the proud holders of the local Challenge Flag. The Scouts go cotton-picking in the season and the money they get in this way goes toward their camping fund.

FRANCE AND HER GOLD

A Mighty Hoard

The gold held by the Bank of France continues to increase. Not very long ago it amounted to £400,000,000. The latest return shows that it now amounts to £580,500,000.

Thus is the world's gold put out of action. That it has failed to serve France is sufficiently shown by the fact that she now has a big army of unemployed. The precise figure is not known, for it is not collected, but it is certain to run into seven figures.

THE FLYING MAIL-BAG

1932 is to see this country using the swiftest mail service in the world. Messrs Boulton and Paul of Norwich are to build special aeroplanes for the Air Ministry.

They will be of all-metal construction, with two super-charged air-cooled engines, and be capable of travelling 1000 miles without refuelling. Their normal cruising speed will be 150 miles an hour, rising to 200 in emergency; and there will be comfortable room for two pilots, as well as capacity for no less than 1000 pounds of mail.

PRICES

The world's troubles are exhibited in the low and profitless prices which have shaken business everywhere.

At the end of January prices were about seven per cent higher than in September, but are still very low.

How low they are may be gathered from the fact that what £100 would buy in 1924 could in January be bought for £64. The improvement between September and January is a small sign of general improvement.

THE OLDEST TOY IN THE WORLD

Egypt's Monkey-on-a-Stick

They have just placed on exhibition in Cairo Museum some small things found in the tomb of Tutankhamen and not shown before.

Some of them are toys, and we do not know why they were put in the great king's tomb along with the treasures of gold and silver. There are three peg tops, a wooden bird, and a monkey with movable parts. It is believed that the monkey was once a monkey-on-a-stick, and that Pharaoh amused himself by making the little creature climb up and down its pole when he was a little boy thousands of years ago! Nowadays the venerable monkey-on-a-stick is a little out of fashion. The C.N. search for a monkey-on-a-stick was a very long one, but we found it at last at South Kensington. Who would have imagined that we might have found it in Pharaoh's tomb?

When Pharaoh Was a Little Boy

The monkey-on-a-stick must be one of the oldest of all toys. Perhaps the doll is a little older, but not very much. Those two were probably the earliest playthings man invented for his children.

There used to be a song beginning:

*Click! Click!
The monkey-on-a-stick!*

We hope the monkey's little chirrup will not quite die out of the world's nurseries.

*When Pharaoh was a little boy
(Four thousand years ago)
His father brought him home a toy
Just like a toy we know,
A jolly monkey-on-a-stick
That climbed his pole with Click!
Click! Click!
Then humbled down—a merry trick
That made the baby crow.
Now Pharaoh's dead, his cities gone,
Like Nineveh and Troy;
But that old plaything still lives on
And sees, I think, with joy
That time has altered many things,
The woe of slaves, the power of kings,
But not the love a father brings
(And gets too) with a toy.*

THE GUY IN THE GARDEN

Nature Notes by Uncle Mac

Gardening Guyed. By Derek McCulloch. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 3s 6d.)

"Some bushes are laden with Hips, and even Hip-hips, though it is a poor year for Hoorays."

So notes Derek McCulloch (his real name is Uncle Mac of the B.B.C.) in this new Nature book with herbaceous borders, drawn by Will Owen, as nonsensically funny as the notes themselves.

We agree with most of Uncle Mac's acute observations concerning Antlered Sledgehops, the rare Quidproquo, and Jenkin's Ear. We admire the way his quick eye can spot an Adenoid hidden snugly under the eaves. We know his garden must have been, as he says, a riot last summer, with its background of tall Fuchsias supported by Stocks and a few dwarf Blancmanges, Hysterias, and Dappled Flanks sweeping gently down to the border of Decent Fellows.

We marvel at the pricked ear which can catch the note of a Lesser Fogpoop on the wing, and we are prepared to take his advice about troublesome slugs when he says it is best not to do any planting for a few weeks till the slugs begin to believe it is no use hanging around, and go elsewhere.

We are even prepared to cut back dead Cuticles, Snapwort, and Mootle, and check Obesity; but we cannot agree with the first note we have quoted from Uncle Mac's book. If, as we predict, a lot of people buy this book, Hoorays will be as plentiful as the Common Wollop when night falls.

March 12, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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WHERE THE SUN STANDS STILL

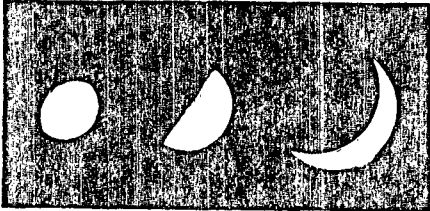
The Approach of Mercury and Where to Find Him

A YEAR OF 88 DAYS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The little world of Mercury is now coming into view and may be seen low in the west soon after sunset.

Each evening he sets later and may be found higher above the horizon, but as he does not set at any time more than two hours after the Sun he has to be looked for in a more or less twilight sky. There, shining like a golden first-magni-



Changes in Mercury's appearance during the next three weeks

tude star, Mercury may be discerned on any fine, clear evening during the next fortnight.

The brilliant Venus will help us to locate Mercury by the simple procedure of drawing an imaginary line across the sky from Venus to the place where the Sun has set some while before. Mercury will be found near this line, and much nearer the horizon than Venus.

Between 6.30 and 7 o'clock is the best time for seeking this fleeting world, and as there are no stars so bright as Mercury in the vicinity he cannot be mistaken. At present he is about 110 million miles away and very rapidly approaching our world, so in about a fortnight he will be only 75 million miles from us, nearer even than Venus, which is now but little more than 90 million miles away.

It will be between March 21 and 25 that Mercury will be at his brightest, appearing in a telescope like a tiny half-moon. After this, as he gets more and more between our world and the Sun, he appears more as a crescent, which gets thinner every day, as does the waning crescent of the Moon. Finally, on April 10, Mercury passes almost between the Earth and the Sun.

Huge Disc of Relentless Fire

Nothing ever appears to happen on Mercury; perhaps not much can happen on a world where the Sun stands still in the heavens and continuously pours down his terrific heat from a disc which only varies in apparent size, that is, from four to nine times as large as it appears to us.

At present the Sun appears nine times larger than he does to us, because Mercury is at his nearest to the Sun. This huge disc of relentless fire hangs perpetually over nearly the whole of one hemisphere of Mercury.

This leaves a narrow strip, a hundred miles or so wide, encircling most of Mercury, where the great disc of the Sun alternately bobs up and then down in the course of Mercury's short year of 88 days. This constitutes a sort of never-ending sunrise and sunset area where the Sun never, or scarcely ever, rises quite clear of the horizon, and then dips down so as never to entirely disappear, or only for a short time in some regions.

Weird and Wonderful

This must be a weird and wonderful region of that little world, which is only about 3100 miles in diameter, a region that must be much craved for by any living beings that may exist on Mercury; for there a short excursion would give them some respite from the terrific solar heat, while those forced to dwell in the twilight zone might take trips to enjoy a peep at the Sun and take a sun-bath.

But it all depends whether Mercury is blessed with an atmosphere and water, concerning which there is at present some doubt.

G. F. M.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S GARDEN

By Our Town Girl

The New Kent Road is not beautiful; in fact, at first sight it appears to have no spot of beauty at all.

There are ugly buildings; there is noise; there is dust. But now, in the heart of that din and ugliness, a little statue has been erected to remind us that romance may dwell in the most unlikely places.

The statue has been placed in a green enclosure where there are seats for people to rest on, and where, in the summer, there will be flowers in the beds. This enclosed space has been named David Copperfield's Garden.

Figure of a Little Child

The statue is the figure of a little child blowing a shell, and it stands in the middle of a bed which will one day be bright with roses. It is supposed to be placed on the spot where David Copperfield paused on his way to find his aunt Betsy Trotwood, and has been erected by the Dickens Fellowship.

"I came to a spot in the Kent Road, at a terrace with a piece of water before it, and a great foolish image blowing a dry shell," David Copperfield says. "Here I sat down on a doorstep."

And we can have no doubt that here, too, came young Charles Dickens, for David Copperfield was largely the story of his own life. "When my thoughts go back (Dickens says through David) I do not wonder that I seem to see and pity . . . an innocent romantic boy, making his imaginative world out of such strange experiences and sordid things."

The Master Speaking

That is Dickens, the master, speaking, he who saw romance in lowly streets and humble places; and the visitor to that little green garden cannot help thinking how it would gladden his heart could he know that his influence today has led the shy feet of romance once more into the New Kent Road.

And as the visitor passes on, leaving that small wayside memorial, so to speak, for the shops of the New Kent Road, he can hardly help wondering which was the shop kept by Mr Dolloby, into which David Copperfield walked and sold his "weskit" for ninepence, to help him on his way to Dover.

For the Kent Road leads to Dover, and we feel that Dickens went that way, seeking, like David, that little cliff-built town where England dips her white feet in the sea.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4. One question on each card, with name and address.

Is it Easier to Swim in Seven Feet of Water Than in Four?

No; all that is needed is sufficient depth to support the body and to enable the legs to move without touching the bottom.

What Are the Names of the Astronomers-Royal?

Their names and the dates at which they were appointed are: John Flamsteed, 1675; Edmund Halley, 1719; James Bradley, 1742; Nathaniel Bliss, 1762; Nevil Maskelyne, 1765; John Pond, 1811; Sir George Airy, 1835; Sir William Christie, 1881; Sir Frank Dyson, 1910.

What is the Meaning of Orthopaedia?

In its strict sense the word means the treatment and correction of deformities in children. What are called orthopaedic hospitals, however, undertake the treatment of deformities and injuries generally, especially of the feet and legs. The word is derived from the Greek *orthos*, straight; *paids*, child.

C. L. N.

The Children's Crusade For Peace

WHO WILL JOIN IN OUR CAMPAIGN TO END WAR?

Number of Members—32,167

"The very children put us to shame," said one of the Popes on hearing of the Children's Crusade; "while we sleep they go out to conquer the Holy Land."

That was in 1212, when a vast army of children, led by a German peasant boy, began their pathetic march to Palestine. Many of them perished on land or sea; those who survived suffered the horrors of the slave market. Their names are unknown, but the spirit of their pitiful sacrifice remains.

Today children are enlisting in another Crusade, a Crusade for Peace. When Lord Baden-Powell dismissed 50,000 Scouts from 41 nations at Birkenhead after their Jamboree in 1929 he called on them to "carry the Golden Arrow of Peace fast and wide, so that all men may know the Brotherhood of Man." The membership of the C.L.N. is now over 32,000; soon we shall catch up the Jamboree!

Who will join in our campaign to end war? C.N. readers who have been meaning to become members should send in their names and sixpences at once, for the children of the world have an important part to play in the Peace Movement.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.



The C.L.N. Badge

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

WHO WAS CHARLES LAMB?

Born London, 1775. Died Edmonton, 1834.

The best-loved personality in English literature was the son of a man who had graduated from domestic service to the position of clerk to a wealthy Benchman of the Temple. He was entered at Christ's Hospital (the Blue Coat School), where Coleridge, his lifelong friend and first collaborator, was also a pupil.

Lamb became a clerk in the South Sea House, and afterwards in the India House. When he was 21 his sister Mary, in a fit of madness, killed their mother. Thereafter he became her constant guardian, devoting his life to her care. In her lucid intervals she wrote; the comedies in their joint Tales from Shakespeare are hers. His early poems were inspired by an attachment which the care of his sister caused him to renounce. His famous Essays of Elia were begun when he was 45, and appeared in the London Magazine. The name under which he wrote was that of a former clerk in the India House. He enjoyed the friendship of all the literary men of his age, and was recognised as a critic and humorist of the highest order.

When, after a generation spent in the service of the India House, he retired on a pension of £450 a year, he went with his sister to Edmonton. His term of rest was not more satisfactory to him than the condition of retirement which he describes in one of his essays. His sister Mary was all her life subject to fits of insanity, and these became more frequent and of longer duration as age increased. His last days were thus saddened by this grief, and also by the loss by death of many of his dearest friends.

In life he was the same gentle, merry, tender-hearted, delightful man that his writings suggest, and his position in the affections of posterity can never be assailed.

Mummy has the same breakfast as me!



PAMELA needs no persuasion to eat Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Every morning she is eager to enjoy a plateful of these tempting grains.

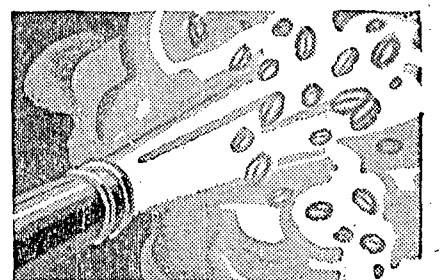


MOTHER, too, likes these fascinating grains and is delighted to see Pamela enjoy them so, for she knows the rich nourishment they provide.

* * * *

For lazy appetites and childish digestions Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are ideal. Ready to serve, they contain all the nourishment of a hot cooked cereal. Puffed Rice is specially selected rice in its most nourishing and tempting form. Puffed Wheat contains the vital food elements of the wheat grain necessary for healthy growing bodies.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat. Try both—ask your family which they prefer.



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Andrews Liver Salt

The Stamp Collector's Corner

Why Not?

Get out your collection and see how many stamps you have of **China and Japan**. **WRITE NOW** for Special Offer of **15 Gratts**. This offer is free to all new applicants for Approvals enclosing 1d. for postage if application is made to Department No. 174, **Errington & Martin**, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9. :: Est. 1880.

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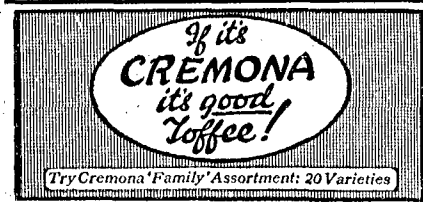
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EGERTON BURNETT'S N.C. DEPT. WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

If "ifs" and "ands" Were pots and pans There'd be no work For Tinker's hands.

IF all of us were able to take the daily outdoor exercise we need, if we always ate plain food and if we did all the other things doctors say we should—there would be fewer little ills and, consequently, less need for Andrews.

Andrews corrects Life's little ills whilst they are still little. Children like it for its pleasant taste and merry sparkle, and parents admire it for its prompt and kindly inner cleansing.

EAT MORE HERRINGS

News of Our Great Fishing Industry

It is a great and wonderful industry, that of the fisherman.

England, Wales, and Scotland have 59,000 employed in the fishing trade, of whom by far the greater number are entirely dependent upon it. Then, of course, there are also many other people who prepare, carry, and sell fish.

There are two main divisions, White Fish, which are chiefly caught by trawling; and the catching of Herrings, which is done by drifting. Then there are inshore fishermen, some of whom specialise in salmon, lobsters, crabs, and so on.

An Astonishing Fall

One of the most astonishing and deplorable things about the British fish trade is that our people have lost their taste for herrings. It is as unfortunate for themselves as for the fishermen who work for them, for the herring is not only good to eat but is splendid food.

Since the war the consumption of herrings has fallen off so remarkably that whereas in 1913 we consumed in a year 14 pounds of herrings for every man, woman, and child in the country, the consumption now is little more than eight pounds a head.

If these figures were not official we could hardly believe them.

The herring is rich in vitamins, and is therefore a magnificent food for old and young. Some people attribute the falling-off in consumption to lack of marketing facilities, but at any rate marketing can hardly be worse now than it was in 1913, when the consumption was so much greater. We fear that the explanation is to be found in the false despising of a cheap food merely because it is cheap. The standard of life has risen, and people are actually so foolish as to have contempt for the herring because it is what they call common food.

Will Parliament Help?

A special committee on the fishing industry has made many recommendations to advance the general condition of this important trade; to improve the conditions of employment, to limit the importation of white fish, to improve marketing generally, and to promote research. We hope that all these matters will engage the attention of Parliament.

Certainly no industry seems more to need drastic improvement in marketing methods, for fish is often dear while the fishermen get little for it.

A MOTOR-ENGINE WITHOUT A SPARK

The big engines of the Diesel type do not require an electric spark to explode the compressed gases in the cylinders.

An ordinary motor-car has a magnet or coil which is timed to give a hot spark between the points of the sparking plugs just when the mixture of gas and air from the carburettor has been sufficiently compressed by the upward movement of the piston in each cylinder. The pressure alone of the mixture of oil vapour and air in a Diesel engine causes it to explode at the right instant without the help of a spark, and so the magnet is done away with.

We shall hear a good deal about this type of oil-engine, known as the compression-ignition motor, for it will be adapted for motor-cars and railway engines, and will effect enormous economies in the country.

Last year the L.M.S. Railway built 132 new locomotives, 47 at Derby, 70 at Crewe, and 15 at Horwich.

The Youth Hostels Association have in their first year established 80 hostels, enrolled 10,000 members, and arranged exchange hospitality with Austria, Denmark, Holland, and Norway.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Press the Button and Find Out

A GOOD IDEA FROM THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF PRAGUE

When we were all much younger there used to be a joke that if you wanted to know the time you must ask a policeman.

They have improved on that in Czecho-Slovakia, where, in the beautiful city of Prague, a Robot policeman has been installed which will answer a number of questions whenever the right button is pressed on its uniform.

It cannot yet do it all by itself, though that may come. At present a real policeman stands by its side to prompt it in its duties. He carries with him a list of all the likely questions that anyone would ask.

Extending Possibilities

If a lady comes up and wants to know where to find a good hat, a question which would embarrass most of the members of London's efficient force, the Prague man merely presses a button on the Robot, and out tumbles from the slot a list of the nearest milliners.

The same procedure applies to a request for sausages, or for a doctor, or even a lawyer. The possibilities are being extended. No charge is made. The hat shops and the others whose addresses are on the printed lists pay for the upkeep.

The Prague telephone exchange, not to be outdone, has set up an Inquiry Bureau which, for a small charge, will answer any question put to it, including the time of a train, the state of the roads, or the result of a football match. This Telephone Aunt will give advice, send telegrams, and ask no questions!

A SON OF THE SOIL

Sir William Somerville

To say that he was a man who made two blades of grass to grow where one had grown before would have been the highest praise Sir William Somerville would have asked for the work of his useful life, which has now ended so far as this world is concerned.

Though in his later days he was an Oxford professor, no man ever earned and won more respect from the farmer. He was a scientific man whom the farmer could understand, for he was himself a farmer, and realised the importance of so improving the grassland that it would support more sheep and cows. One of his farms was aptly named Poverty Bottom.

When he began his scientific work on soils half a century ago farmers looked on such experiments with a suspicious eye for new-fangled notions; but he proved to them that science could be made to pay on a farm, and they respected him because he was always ready to put his own money into proving what he professed and taught. And he was always eager to help.

UP CROPS A PYRAMID

What is sand?

Eastbourne, Weymouth, and Bognor may think they know something about it, but after the discovery of another Pyramid in Egypt those towns will hardly dare to boast about sand again.

The sands of Egypt swallowed that mighty building as the sands of Eastbourne will swallow sixpence.

Now, after centuries, the sand is giving it back. The Pyramid is the tomb of a woman who ruled in her own right over Upper and Lower Egypt. She was the first to be called King of Upper and Lower Egypt. Close to her mighty sepulchre is a street of tombs cut in the rock, and in one 50 mummies have been already seen.

10 PERSIA FREE

All applicants for my wonderful approval sheets and new list who send 2d. postage will receive this beautiful Set FREE. It contains 1911 issue young Shah head finely engraved, the 1926 issue and the superb NEW ISSUE printed in brilliant colours (this set is usually sold at 1/6). Send addresses of stamp collecting friends and receive an additional Set of Stamps free. **H. C. WATKINS (Dept. C.N.), GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.**

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THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 45

Derek Makes Peace

WHEN a person is seized unexpectedly his natural impulse is to fling himself back against the pull. But luckily for Derek he had been watching Yarm.

He had half expected treachery, so instead of pulling back he tried an old but very useful trick and threw himself forward, flinging his whole weight against the priest. Yarm, taken for once quite by surprise, staggered backwards and fell on his back, with Derek on top of him.

Derek's luck was in, for the back of Yarm's head rapped so sharply against the hard rock of the ledge that for a moment he was stunned. Quick as a flash Derek turned him over on his face, pulled his arms round, and with his handkerchief knotted the priest's wrists securely together.

"Oh, well done, Derek!" shouted Tod from up above; but the Indians below stood paralysed with dismay. They had never dreamed of anyone daring to lay hands on their chief priest, and the amazing quickness with which Derek had mastered him seemed to them a miracle. They felt more certain than ever that Derek was really Ativa, their hero of old times, come to life again.

"Shall I come down?" Tod sang out. "No need. I've got the old lad quite safe. The fall knocked him out, but he's not much the worse. Now I'm going to talk to him like a Dutch uncle."

"Give him socks," cried Tod. "That was a dirty trick he tried to play you."

Derek smiled rather grimly as he watched Yarm struggling back to consciousness. It was not long before the tough old fellow got his senses back, then Derek rolled him over again and pulled him up to a sitting position. Yarm stared up at him with a queer look in his agate eyes. He was furiously angry, but at the same time shaken and even a little frightened. Derek looked down at him.

"You gave me the Peace Sign, Yarm," he said quietly. "And yet you attacked me. What is the punishment for treachery among your people?"

"There is no treachery when I am obeying the orders of my king," Yarm answered.

"I differ," said Derek dryly. "No orders can justify treachery. And as it happens I know your punishment for this crime. It is to be taken to the Place of Sacrifice and thrown down. Have you anything to say why I should not execute you in the same way? This is a high place."

Derek's level way of speaking frightened Yarm. Derek saw a quiver cross his hard old face.

"So that is what you mean to do with me?" he said bitterly. "Then waste no time about it. My men will not interfere."

"Then you own that you were wrong?" said Derek.

"Wrong in a way, I will admit, yet in my eyes nothing is wrong that is for the good of my people."

"I see what you mean, Yarm. But I for my part am working for my people, and I would break laws to save them from the ruin that threatens them. But if you will promise not to interfere with me or my friends I will set you free at once."

Yarm was silent for some moments. "I could forgive you for escaping," he said at last. "What I find hard to forgive is that you should have released those robbers who may bring terrible trouble upon my people."

"You need not be afraid of that," replied Derek. "There is nothing to bring them back to the Terraced Valley. It is the last place in the world they will ever visit again."

"But they may send others by their foolish talk."

"That is not likely either for, now the pass is blocked, it would be almost impossible to find the way to your kingdom."

Yarm seemed somewhat reassured.

"And you will keep silence?" he demanded.

"You already have my word on that," Derek told him.

There was silence again for a few moments, then Yarm spoke again.

"Very good, Senor Fair. I, too, give my word."

Without a moment's hesitation Derek untied his hands. The two faced one another, and Derek's heart beat a little faster, for it was on the cards that Yarm might attack him again. But the old priest had no such intention. Derek spoke.

"Yarm, you have not liked me, nor I you. Yet I respect you as a good priest and a good ruler. I hope that you and your people will be happy, and I will ask you to give my thanks to the King and the Princess

for their kindness, and to assure them that I shall not forget it."

Yarm looked hard at Derek.

"I like no white men," he said slowly. "I wish to have nothing to do with them or their ways, and to keep my people free of them. Yet you are different. You are honest and you are brave. I will take your message and wish you a good journey to your home."

He made the sign of farewell and Derek returned it. Then, turning, Yarm went away down the hillside to rejoin his own people.

"You handled him all right," said Tod gleefully, as Derek came back.

But Derek did not smile. "We parted good friends," he said gravely. "We shall have no more trouble with Yarm."

"You're a bit of a wonder, Derek," said Tod, and though he laughed there was real admiration in his words. "Well, now we have one trouble settled, what do we do about the next?"

"What trouble?" Derek asked.

"Say, stir that old brain of yours. Have you forgotten that the pass is blocked?"

"But the donkeys are on the other side of the fall. We must just climb down and catch them."

Tod turned to Kespi.

"He talks as if all we have to do is to walk down a flight of steps, instead of a precipice about a thousand feet high."

Derek laughed. "We've faced worse places before. We'll find a way down."

Sure enough he did find a way, but it was a long one, and it was not until the shadows had begun to lengthen toward the East that the four at last reached the bottom of the gorge on the far side of the big fall. Then they had to catch the donkeys, which had strayed a long way. In the end they decided to camp for the night, after the shortest day's march they had ever made, for it was barely a mile from their last camping-place.

"It's all right," said Tod, as he began to gather wood for their fire. "It gives Dolaro a chance to get well ahead."

"That not right at all," replied Kespi gravely. "It give Dolaro chance to make trouble for us."

CHAPTER 46

Dolaro's Deputy

NEXT morning dawned fine and bright; they set off early, and tramped along the bottom of the gorge. Indeed, there was no choice for the hills on each side were far too steep for the donkeys.

"We're right in Dolaro's tracks," Tod remarked to Derek, as he pointed to heavy footprints in a damp patch. Say, what was Kespi croaking about last night? Does he reckon Dolaro means to lay for us?"

"I don't quite know what's in the old boy's mind," Derek answered.

"Nothing to worry about, I guess. There's not cover here for the beggars to hide if they want to ambush us. Looks to me that Dolaro has gone right ahead."

"I think so, too," Derek agreed, "but it may be a different story when we get out of the gorge. Kespi thinks something is going to happen, and you can take it from me the old chap is usually right."

All the morning they marched steadily down the gorge, following the course of a small stream. In the afternoon the valley widened and the cliffs on either side became less steep. They came into heavy timber.

The trees thickened, shutting out the sunlight. It was very hot and insects swarmed. The little stingless bees were thick as midges, and there were many of the big South American wasps which sting very severely. Their pace slowed down and they went forward very silently and softly, keeping a careful look-out on both sides.

The boys had had plenty of practice in this sort of work, and their eyes and ears were well trained, but it was Kespi who gave the first danger signal.

All stopped, and Tod, who was carrying the gun, quickly thrust a couple of cartridges into the breach. But he could see nothing unusual, nor could Derek.

"What's up?" Derek whispered. "Is it Dolaro?"

"I not think Dolaro," replied Kespi in an equally low tone. "I think Indians."

Derek gave a little sigh of relief.

"You can handle them all right," he answered. But Kespi shook his head.

"These Beni men. They bad men."

"But they'll never touch you, Kespi," said Derek quickly.

Kespi showed no sign of fear, yet Derek sensed that he was not happy.

"I not sure," he answered. "If they friends, why they hide?" He paused. "Maybe, Dolaro, he tell them lies."

Continued on the next page



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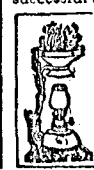
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Derek's lips pursed in a silent whistle, for now he began to understand. Supposing, for instance, he had said they were tax-gatherers from the Government?

After a while he began to feel really jumpy. He could see that the waiting was having just the same effect upon Tod.

"Call to them, Kespi," he begged. "Get them to come out into the open."

Kespi considered for some moments.

"Yes, I call," he said at last.

"We are friends," he cried in Spanish. "Come out and speak with us."

There was no answer, no movement, but Derek had the feeling that the bush in front of them was alive.

"Perhaps they don't understand Spanish," he said to Kespi.

"If they don't Dolaro couldn't talk to them," Tod put in. "Dolaro can't talk Indian."

"Do you know any of their talk, Kespi?" Derek asked.

"I make Beni man understand," Kespi told him modestly.

"Then try again, please. I'm getting horribly jumpy."

He called again in a language quite strange to Derek, and again they waited. Yet again nothing happened.

Kespi was frowning a little, and Derek saw that, in spite of his cheerful words, he was troubled. He knew, too, that some of these Indians of the Bolivian forest are wild, savage folk whose hatred of the white man dates from the time of the Spanish rule of fire and sword.

There was a little open space in front of the thicket by which they stood. Suddenly Kespi stepped out into it, and, raising his hands above his head, made a peculiar sign.

"That's worked!" Tod whispered, as a figure suddenly appeared out of the thick trees opposite. "But look at it!" he went on. "Say, it's a live goliwog!"

That was not a bad description, for the man who came out was very short, very broad, very black, and his head, which looked several sizes too big for his body, was crowned with a huge mop of fuzzy black hair which stuck out stiffly in every direction. He wore no clothes except a waistbelt of panther skin and a variety of silver armlets. His face was tattooed in a curious pattern of dark blue, and he had tattoo marks on his arms and legs. For

Continued in the last column

JACKO CLEARS THE SNOW

WHEN Jacko woke up one morning his room was so light that for a moment he was puzzled. But as soon as he pulled the curtains back and looked out of the window he understood.

"Coo! Snow!" he exclaimed, and began to scramble into his clothes as fast as he could.

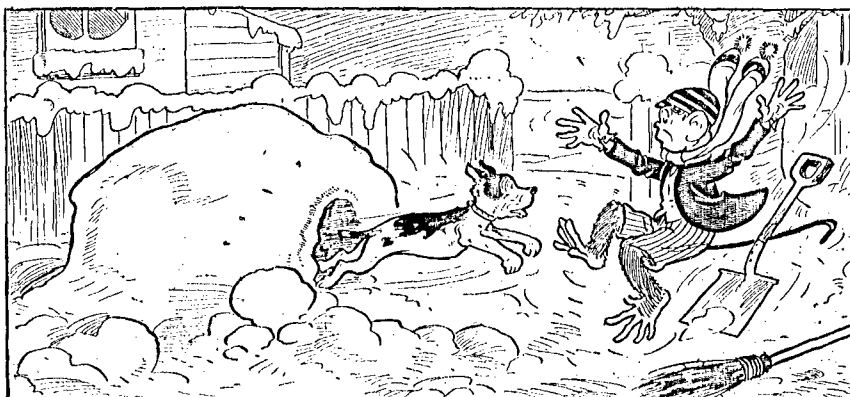
Ice and snow to Jacko meant slides and toboggans and snow-fights—a

"What's all that noise?" called Father Jacko, putting his face, which was covered with soap lather, out of the bathroom window.

"Only Jacko scraping the snow away, dear," Mother Jacko called back.

"Then stop him," growled Father Jacko, "or he'll have every bit of paint off that door."

Jacko, wondering how people could



"Help!" cried Jacko

high old time! He dashed downstairs in tremendous spirits.

"It's snowing, Mater!" he cried. "What a lark!"

But his mother, who was having trouble with the kitchen stove, wasn't feeling quite so happy.

"I can't get the back door open," she said gloomily; "the snow has drifted in a great bank against it."

"That's all right, Mater," said Jacko. "Don't you worry; I'll soon shift it. All I want is a broom."

But in a few minutes he came running back for a shovel; and then, fully armed, he got seriously to work.

be so ungrateful, moved away and began to clear a path to the gate.

As he picked up the snow he flung it over his shoulder into the next garden.

"Look what you're doing, Jacko," his mother called out.

The snow was falling on their neighbour's dog kennel, mounting up in a great heap.

Jacko grinned, skipped over the fence, and dug his spade playfully into it.

There was a savage growl, and to Jacko's dismay out dashed a dog.

"Help!" cried Jacko. He dropped his shovel and fled. He had had enough of that job!

weapon he carried a spear with a nasty-looking barbed head beaten out of iron, and sharp as a razor. He stood in front of Kespi, showing none of the reverence which other Indians gave to this descendant of the Incas. He said something in a loud, harsh voice.

A curious change came over Kespi. His small figure seemed to grow in height and his eyes flashed. As for his voice, when he spoke Derek hardly recognised it.

What he said Derek, of course, did not understand, but it had its effect on the Indian. The haughty expression faded from the man's face, and he fidgeted, standing first on one foot then on the other. When he spoke again his tone was milder, yet Derek did not like the sulky look on his face. Kespi turned to the boys.

"He say we spics from Government and we bring bad medicine to kill his people. He say we give him the green stones and we can go. If we not give the stones he say his people take them and kill us."

Derek gave a short laugh.

"So Dolaro has made him his deputy," he said. "I say, Kespi, things look ugly. How many men has he got?"

"Plenty men," was the discouraging reply. And it was true, for now the Beni men were showing themselves. Like wild animals they moved soundlessly out of cover. There were at least thirty of them, as ugly a lot of savages as could be seen even in South America. All were armed with spears and short, stiff bows.

"And when they've got the emeralds Dolaro will come back and collect them," said Tod. "Tell him there's nothing doing, Kespi."

"It's all very well to put up a bluff, Tod," said Derek, "but we can't back it with only one gun."

"This gun has two charges of buckshot," said Tod dryly. "I don't believe they'll want more than those two loads."

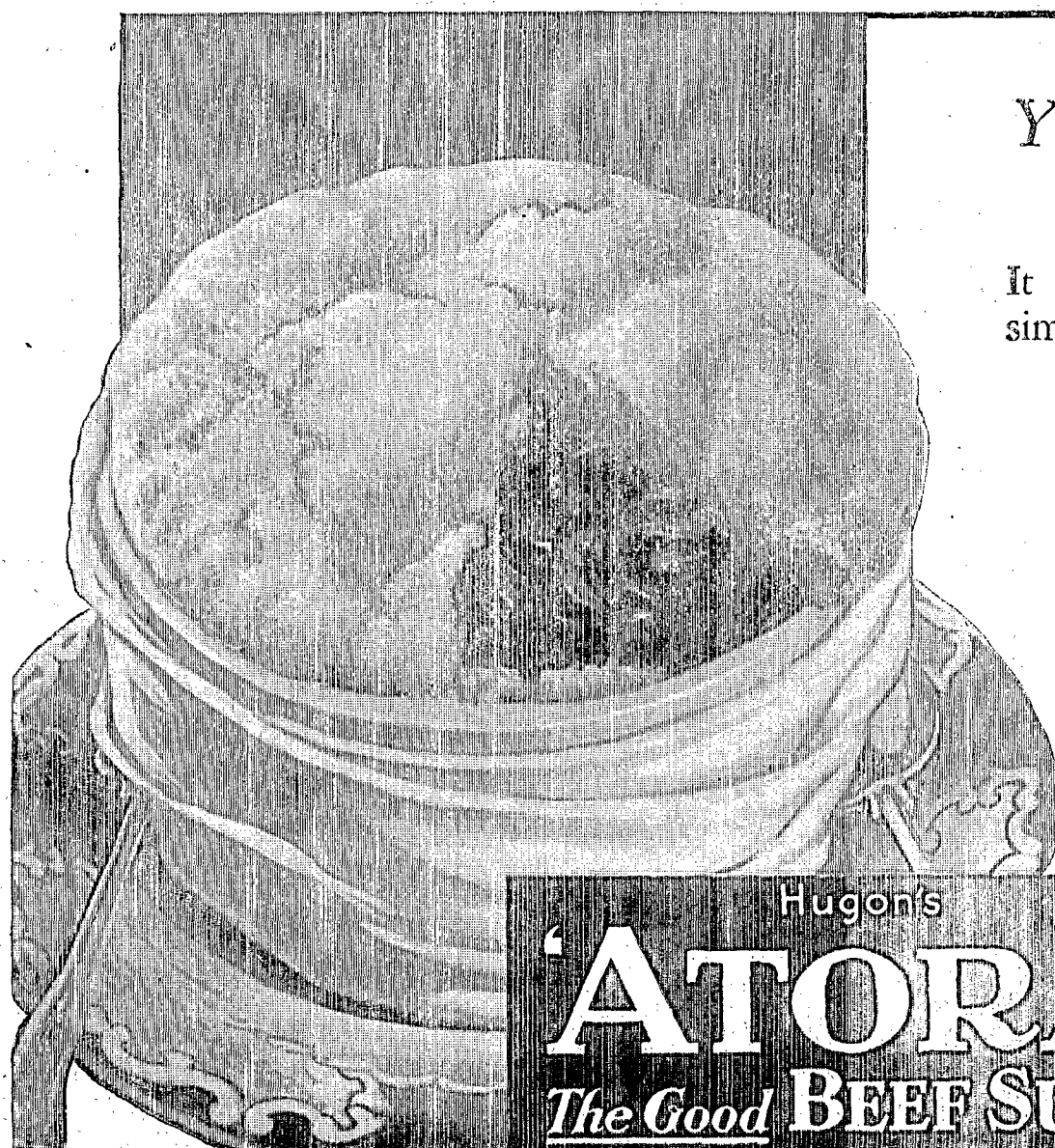
Kespi shook his head. Derek had never seen him look so grave.

"Tod, you no shoot," he ordered. "If you kill Beni men others all fight till die. And I think we die first."

Tod's temper flared.

"You mean we've got to give up our emeralds to these black savages!" he exclaimed passionately. "You're crazy! I won't stand for anything like that."

TO BE CONTINUED



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BEEF STEAK PUDDING.

Paste for Pudding. 12 oz. Flour.
6 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Level teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients together and make into a rather stiff paste with water. One lb. steak cut in thin pieces. Four sheep's kidneys or 6-oz. ox kidney, cut up finely. Half a small onion chopped up very finely. Pepper and salt mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Line a greased basin with the suet paste, put in the ingredients in layers, with the seasoning sprinkled between each layer, fill with water, cover with the paste, tie a cloth over and steam for 4 hours. Serve with some thickened gravy. Sufficient for 6 persons.

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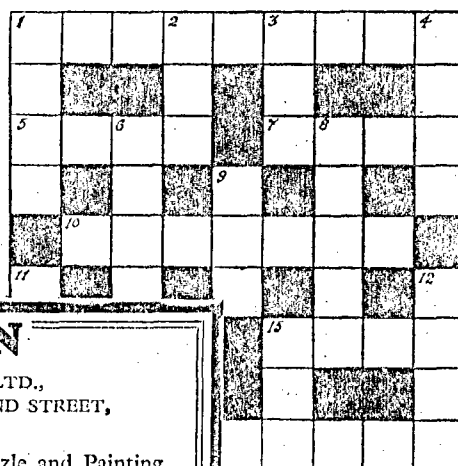
Please send me a Crossword Puzzle and Painting Book. I enclose the top of a Grape-Nuts packet, bearing the signature "C.W. Post."

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DOWN

1. What Grape-Nuts makes you do.
2. Male Child.
3. Used in tennis.
4. A condiment.
5. To set in a row.
6. A seaport town in Scotland.
7. A greasy liquid.
8. Shell fish.
9. A missile.
10. Covers the greater part of the earth's surface.
11. A dolt.

FIVE SEPARATE CROSS-WORD PUZZLES to test your cleverness—not too difficult and not too easy.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 12, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Wallflower Puzzle

JILL had just come in from the garden.

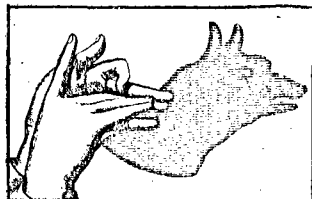
"Have you planted the nine wallflowers?" Mother asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "and I have so arranged them that there are ten rows of three."

How did she manage this?

Answer next week

Shadowgraphs



How to make a wolf

Changed Words

To see me whole, observe a spring;

But headless, listen, I'm a thing You'll find among the kine.

Again transposed, I'm at the farm; Reverse, and I shall cause alarm.

Mid forest, wood, and pine.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le fusil Le chef de train La mouette

On va à la chasse avec un fusil.

Le chef de train donne le signal.

Il est défendu de tuer la mouette.

Is Your Name Millmore?

THIS is a Celtic word meaning Dwellers at the big hill, from the Gaelic word meall, a hill, and mor, big.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to January 23, 1932, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1932	BIRTHS 1931	DEATHS 1932	DEATHS 1931
London	5079	5603	5153	5965
Glasgow	1782	1829	1228	1445
Dublin	741	752	609	652
Belfast	733	661	585	578
Edinburgh	529	510	487	506
Bradford	303	318	379	383
Plymouth	264	258	253	365
Salford	238	288	230	311
Swansea	219	202	178	168
Norwich	163	154	129	140
Coventry	160	203	139	158
Reading	118	128	104	102

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MAURICE's mother was lying down with a bad headache, so when Maurice heard the telephone bell ring he didn't know what to do. Annie was out, and Daddy wasn't yet back from town.

Maurice had never answered the telephone because he was rather frightened of it, though he liked to hear the others talking. So he opened his mother's door and called her softly. But Mummy was fast asleep—and the telephone bell kept on ringing!

He went down to the hall slowly, hoping every second that his father or Annie would come in. But no one came, so he took down the receiver and put it to his ear.

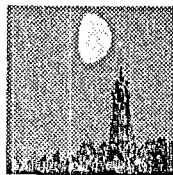
"Hullo!" he said, as he had heard the others say.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East.

In the evening Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-East, Venus is in the South-West, and Mercury is in the West.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Wednesday, March 16.



What Country Is This?

IT's in the field but not in the lea, It's in the price but not in the fee,

It's in the shoe but not in the boot, It's in the plant but not in the root,

It's in the road but not in the street, It's in the snow but not in the sleet,

It's in the land but not in the sea, A North Atlantic island you'll see.

Answer next week

Timid Birds and Nesting-Boxes

MANY people put nesting-boxes in the garden and are disappointed to find that they are not used. This is often because the box is not in a sufficiently quiet part of the garden.

If the box is near some trees, or actually on the branch of a small tree, so much the better. Do not place any building material inside, as this makes the birds suspicious. It is a good plan, however, to have some tiny twigs, scraps of soft cloth, worsted, and any odds and ends near the box as the little

builders are quick to take advantage of such material. Once the nesting-boxes are in place do not meddle with them, and when eggs have been laid examine the nests with great caution.

A Hidden Saying

A WELL-KNOWN saying can be formed by using only these nine letters: E O S N I D M A H. The saying consists of 24 letters.

Answer next week

Simmel Cakes

DO you enjoy those rich Simmel cakes we have at Easter-time? Perhaps you have wondered what Simmel means. It is derived from *simila*, the Latin word for the very best kind of white flour. We have the same word handed down to us in semolina, the fine white cereal of which Mother makes milk puddings.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

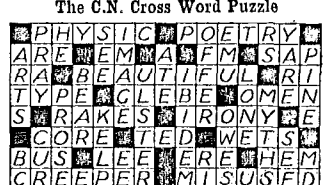
Telegraph Posts. The car passes 20 times as many posts as miles, so the posts are one-twentieth of a mile apart—88 yards.

A Picture Puzzle. SNail, cLOWn, DRain, shOP—Snowdrop.

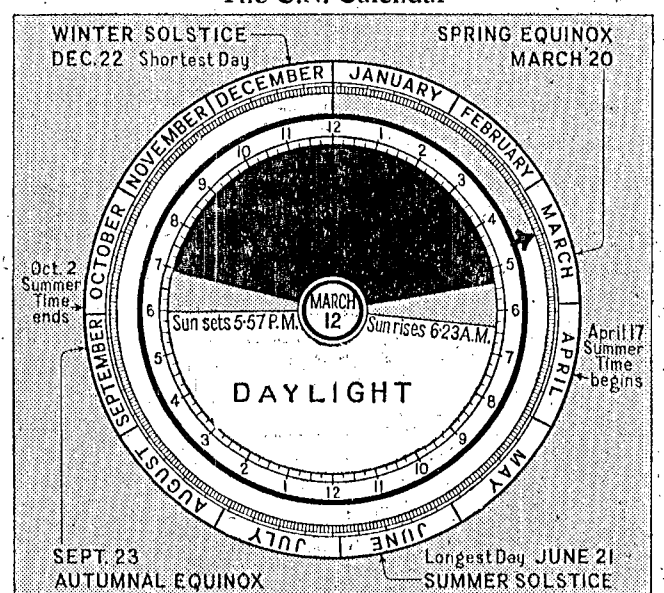
A Puzzle Word. Dozens.

A Charade. Corn-ice

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



The C.N. Calendar



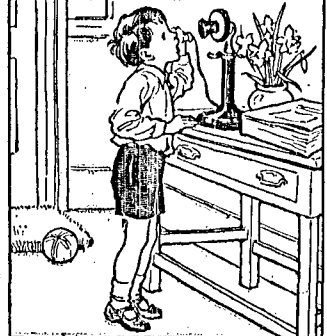
THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on March 12. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

MAURICE ANSWERS THE TELEPHONE

The man's voice sounded rather cross.

"Who is it?" he said.

"Is that Mr Philips?"



"Good-bye," said Maurice

"No; it's me," said the little boy—"Maurice. Mum-my's asleep."

"Oh," said the voice. "I thought I was never going to

get an answer. Are you Mr Philip's little boy? Is your father back from town yet?"

"No, not yet," answered Maurice.

"Well, can you give him a message? Ask him to come in and see Mr Thomas first thing tomorrow morning. Can you remember that?"

"Oh, yes," said Maurice, who had forgotten to be nervous now. He was rather enjoying it.

"Well, repeat it, will you?"

Maurice repeated the message.

"That's right, thank you. Good-bye, Maurice."

"Good-bye," said Maurice, and hung up the telephone, feeling very grown-up and proud. When his father came in he gave him the message,

Dr MERRYMAN

Something To Be Thankful For

PATIENT: Your bill is rather high, Doctor.

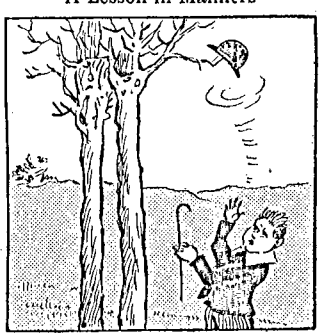
Doctor: Perhaps; but just think what it would have been if I'd cured you.

A Busman's Holiday

A GREAT singer gave his tailor two tickets for his next concert. Meeting the tailor some time later the singer asked how he had enjoyed the show.

"Oh, it was terrible, sir," wailed the tailor; "that coat of yours was much too tight across the shoulders."

A Lesson in Manners



THAT James was not at all polite.

You'll gather when I tell you that it took a playful gust of wind To teach him how to raise his hat.

Taken and Shaken

IT said plainly on the medicine bottle To be shaken before taken. Mother, busy with a hundred-and-one other things, had forgotten to shake the bottle before giving Jimmy his dose.

"That's all right, Mother," said Jimmy when she confessed, "I'll turn a few somersaults."

A Difficult Tune

THE visitor was very interested in the new piano which her friends had recently bought.

"I know your father is a very keen musician," she said. "What is it he finds hardest on the piano?"

The small child hesitated awhile, and then piped:

"Paying the instalments, I think."

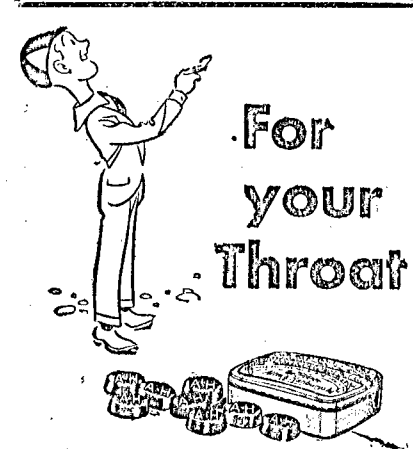
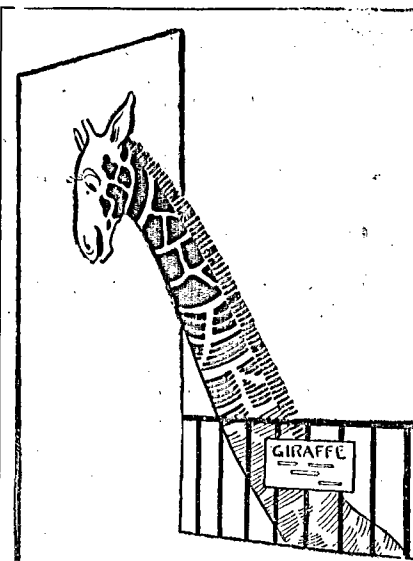
Success

THE interview was about to end. "Well," said the big man,

"if at first you don't succeed, my boy, try, try, try again."

"Quite, sir," replied the lad.

"This is the fourth job I've tried for this week."

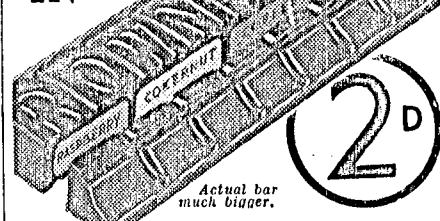


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HARD or SOFT?

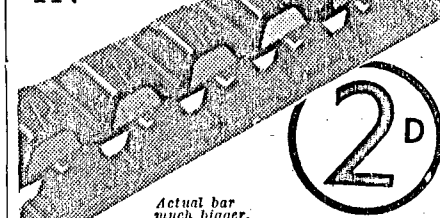
FOUR LOVELY CREAMS IN



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FC 225-17